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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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☞ Look for your paper before you stop it, if you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

JOHN LLOYD
HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LOT OF
NO. 1, MESS, NO. 2, AND FAT FAMILY MACKEREL,
MESS SHAD AND CODFISH, OF FINEST QUALITIES.
HE HAS ALSO ON HAND A CHOICE LINE OF
FRENCH PRUNES, RAISINS, CANNED TOMATOES, PEAS, CORN, &c.;
DRIED SWEET CORN, OAT MEAL, RICE,
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES,
&c., &c., while his stock of GROCERIES will compare favorably in extent, quality and prices with any grocer's stock in Ebensburg or elsewhere.
He has also in store a large assortment of
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN IRONSTONE CHINA,
which he bought at low figures and will sell at prices equally moderately. In addition to these goods and many others, he keeps constantly in stock
W. E. SCHMERTZ'S & CO.'S Celebrated SHOES for Ladies
which are the very best for service that are made or sold anywhere. It has also been his constant pride to buy and sell the
BEST BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS THAT CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE.
In conclusion, it may be said, and said truly, that while the stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, &c., &c., kept at the LLOYD STORE may not be the largest in Ebensburg, it is always choice and choice and fresh, as the proprietor is constantly buying and constantly selling, and consequently accumulates no old goods.

THE BEST OFFER YET!
WE ALWAYS TRY TO GIVE OUR CUSTOMERS THE VERY BEST BARGAINS AT ALL TIMES, BUT OWING TO THE SOFT, MILD WEATHER WE HAVE HAD THIS WINTER,
WE ARE COMPELLED TO MAKE A SACRIFICE ON SOME GOODS, RATHER THAN CARRY THEM OVER TILL NEXT SEASON. THEREFORE DURING THE ENSUING TWO MONTHS WE SHALL OFFER
ALL OUR HEAVY GOODS AT VERY GREATLY REDUCED PRICES IN ORDER THAT WE MAY BE ABLE TO REDUCE OUR STOCK SO AS TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR SPRING GOODS. THIS BEING OUR PURPOSE, WE CAN AND WILL SELL HEAVY BOOTS, MEN AND WOMEN'S OVERSHOES, LADIES' SHAWLS, AND ALL THAT CLASS OF GOODS, AT LOWER FIGURES THAN THEY CAN BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE.
WE INVITE ALL TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING AT ANY OTHER STORE, AS WE DEFY COMPETITION AND WISH EVERYBODY TO JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES AS TO THE QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS OF OUR GOODS.
V. S. BARKER & BRO.
EBENSBURG, JAN. 13, 1882.

WHEN YOU WANT
PURE FRESH DRUGS OR PATENT MEDICINES!
YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AT
JAMES' NEW DRUG STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.
PURE FRESH GOODS! | NO MISREPRESENTATION! | BOTTOM PRICES!
LINSEED and MACHINE OILS, PAINTS, VARNISH, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, (Dry and in Oil) BRUSHES, Etc.
Also, a very full and complete stock of
BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY!
POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, COMBS, BRUSHES, ALBUMS, PERFUMERY
TOILET SETS, ETC., ETC.
PURE GROUND SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

THE MILD WEATHER, LACK OF SNOW and SCARCITY OF CORN
HAVE INTERFERED SO MUCH WITH THE DEMAND FOR
HEATING STOVES, CORN SHELLERS, SLEIGH BELLS,
Lap Robes, and many other articles for sale at
HUNTLEY'S FAMOUS HARDWARE
AND HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE!
An establishment which excites the wonder of all who visit it, that the proprietor has determined to
CLOSE OUT ALL SUCH GOODS AT ACTUAL COST!
NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS SUBLIME.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

C. T. ROBERTS,
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,
Notions, Medicines, Wall Paper, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.
VARIETY STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.
RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Cuticura
Geo. W. Brown, 40 Marshall St. Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.
SKIN HUMOR.
F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Bros., Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodeut), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.
SCALD HEAD.
H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years duration by the Cuticura Remedies.
ECZEMA.
Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.
MILK CRUST.
Mrs. Bowers, 243 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.
FALLING HAIR.
Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 5, Boston, was cured of Alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.
TREATMENT.
The Cuticura treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the the great skin remedies.
CUTICURA
Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle; Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25c.; Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15c. Principal depot.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.
Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress, by using SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
Sneeze until your head is ready to fly off, eyes and nose running water, throat parched and blood feverish, or take SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh and be cured.
Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fir, Marigold and Clover Blossoms are what Sanford's Radical Cure are made of. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, for $1.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

ELECTRICITY.
Gentle, yet effective, united with Healing Balsam, render COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS one hundred times superior to all other plasters for every Pain, Weakness and Inflammation. Price 25cts. Sold everywhere.

$500 REWARD
Over a Million
OF
PROFESSOR
GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH
Kidney Pads
Have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction and has effected cures every time when used according to directions. We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of
LAME BACK
That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflamation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.
Ladies, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,
YOU CAN BE CURED
without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing
PROF. GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH KIDNEY PAD
WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.
Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.
TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.
JUDSON BUCHANAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best Doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."
GEORGE VETTER, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads four weeks."
SQUIRE N. C. SCOTT, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidneys Pads six weeks and I now know I am entirely cured."
MRS. HELEN JEROME, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined a great part of the time to my bed, with Leucorrhea and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."
H. B. GREEN, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back, and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."
B. F. KESSLING, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., in sending an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any kidney remedy we ever sold."
RAY & SNODGRASS, Druggist, Hannibal, Mo.: "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day."
12-17.-1y.]
☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

ROBBED
—Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, lives prolonged, happiness and health restored by the use of the great
GERMAN INVIGORATOR
which positively and permanently cures Impotency (caused by excesses of any kind), Seminal Weakness, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave.
Send for circulars with testimonials free by mail. The INVIGORATOR is sold at $1 per box, or six boxes for $5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price by addressing
F. J. CHENEY, Druggist,
187 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO.
[2-17.-1y.] Sole Agent for the United States.
☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address JOHNSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-4,'81.-1y.]

A LAUGH IS WORTH A HUNDRED GROANS.

We often meet upon the street
A friend it is a joy to greet,
Whose kindly smile and words of cheer
Bid gloomy shadows disappear.
He does not show the marks of woe,
Or of his trials let us know,
Nor yet perform an actor's part
To keep us distant from his heart.

When he is near we have no fear,
Or thought, that he is insincere,
So much of truth is in his gaze,
So frank and cordial are his ways.
With mirthful charms he soon disarms
Us of our sorrows and alarms,
And says in bright, electric tones:—
"A laugh is worth a hundred groans!"

We turn away to bid "Good day"
To one who comes in sad array,
With lengthening visage, and the air
That sorrow's children always wear.
There is no mirth around his hearth.
He adds not to the joys of earth,
And fails to comprehend the jokes
Of merry, laughter-loving folks.

His touch is cold as churchyard mold,
Without a word his griefs are told;
And few are anxious to attend
His steps, or own him as a friend.
Life's sunny glow they never know
Who thus in sombre livery go,
And ever stubbornly endure
The ill a hearty laugh might cure.

More blest are they—the glad and gay—
Who scatter sunshine on their way;
Whose heads in grief not long are bowed;
Who see the light through every cloud.
The heart must bear its weight of care,
And of life's troubles have a share,
Of what avail these mournful moans?
"A laugh is worth a hundred groans!"

A DETECTIVE'S MISTAKE.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a dull, rainy day, toward the end of August. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of three in the afternoon, and I, a detective, was sitting by myself in our little inner office. I was musing about Kitty Elton, and wondering how long it would be before I would be able to marry her.

Dear little Kitty! She was as sweet and as patient as it was in the nature of a woman to be, but I knew it was a hard life for her in that overcrowded milliner's workroom, day after day and month after month, and I longed to set her free from that monotonous captivity. The door opened and Mr. Clenner came in.

Mr. Clenner was our "chief"—a dark, silent little man, with stern gray eyes, which seemed to see everything at a glance. He sat down beside me.

"Meredith," he said, "didn't you say you were getting tired of doing nothing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have something for you to do."

"What is it, sir?"

"Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skillfully. I had intended to go myself, but circumstances happen untowardly, and I shall send you instead."

Bending his head and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the special business on which I was to be sent. There had been, it seems, a series of very heavy forgeries lately committed with a boldness and audacity that fairly seemed to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime, but after much quiet investigation and casting hither and thither, he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Matteson—who had skillfully eluded all pursuit, and was now somewhere hiding in the northeastern portion of the State. His whereabouts had been ascertained as nearly as possible, and it was for me to go quietly up and apprehend him, before he should become aware of our knowledge of his movements.

I sat listening to all the various details of our plan as they were sketched out by Mr. Clenner. The reward that had been privately offered was high—my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Elton, nor did the enterprise seem particularly difficult to accomplish.

"Do you think you can do it?" Mr. Clenner asked, after the whole thing had been laid before me.

"Yes, sir. When shall I start?"

"Now—within half an hour."

"Within half an hour?"

"Yes; why not?"

I could think of no reason except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior, the longing wish to see Kitty before I started.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said, rising. "If I take the four o'clock express I shall be there by daylight to-morrow morning."

"Yes, and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, depend upon it, and what you have to do must be done at once."

All through that long night journey I mused upon the task that lay before me. The house to which I was directed was half a mile beyond the village of Downville, the residence of Mrs. Matteson, the mother of the audacious forger. If help was needed, I was fully authorized to call for it upon the constabulary authorities of Downville, but I was expected to need none.

The rosy dawn was just flushing the eastern sky when I alighted, stiff, weary and jaded, from the train, at the little way station of Downville.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Matteson's place?" I asked of the sleepy station master who was yawning behind the little aperture of the ticket office.

"Matteson—Mrs. Matteson; I don't know her, but I guess I can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the vil'age out about half a mile, and ye'll come to a patch o' woods with bars at the fence. Go through them bars a little way further on, and ye'll see a little yaller house, just the last place in the world where you'd expect to see a house. That's where Mrs. Matteson lives."

I thanked my informant, and set out on a brisk walk, carrying my traveling bag. It was quite a distance ere I emerged from the suburbs of the "main street" into a quiet and secluded road or rather lane. The "patch o' woods" with the bars, and the "little yaller house"—a cream colored cottage, literally overgrown with honeysuckles—rewarded my search, and as I knocked at the door a clock somewhere inside struck seven.

A decent looking, elderly woman, in widow's weeds came to the door.

"Is Mr. Matteson in? Mr. Perley?"

"No," she answered quickly, with, as I imagined, rather a confused look. I did not believe her, and asked quietly:

"When do you expect him home?"

"Not at present."

Apparently she expected me to go away, but, instead, I stepped in.

"Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"

And then for the first time I became aware that some one had been watching our colloquy from one head of the stairs—a young girl dressed, like the mother, in deep black, with very brilliant eyes, and a profusion of jet black ringlets.

"Some one to see your brother."

She came half way down the stairs, pushing back her curls with one hand, and looking at we with wondering eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Perley is not at home," she said hurriedly. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently this mother and daughter were in the secret of Matteson's villainy, and doing their best to screen him from its consequences. My heart bled for both of them, but it was no time to indulge in sentimental pity. Speaking as briefly as I could, I told them it was my duty to compel them to remain where they were while I searched the house.

Mrs. Matteson sat down, pale and trembling; her daughter colored high.

"Mother," she said, "why do you stand by and listen to such slanders? It is false! Let this man search the house if he will; my brother is as innocent as I am."

No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however—there was nowhere any traces of the flown bird. Nevertheless, I concluded to remain there quietly for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.

The same afternoon Clara Matteson came in, as I sat by the piazza window, keeping a quiet watch on all the surroundings.

"Mr. Meredith," she said softly, "mother thinks I have been rude to you. She says it was not your fault, personally, that you were sent here—on such a mistake—and perhaps she is right. I am very sorry if I have hurt your feeling."

The pretty penitent way in which she spoke quite won my heart, and a few questions on my part seemed to unlock the hidden recesses of her confidence. She talked at first shyly, but afterwards with more assurance of herself, her absent brother and her mother, giving me a thousand artless little family details which I almost dreaded to hear. The twilight talk was one of the pleasantest episodes of my by no means universally pleasant life, and I was considerably annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the Downville constables who were to watch through the night. At the sound of their footsteps on the piazza floor, Clara rose up and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"Oh, Mr. Meredith—those men—"

"Be easy, Miss Matteson," I said; "you shall in no way be annoyed by them. Your privacy shall not be broken in upon, believe me."

"I know I am silly," faltered Clara, "but oh! it seems so dreadful!"

My orders to the men were brief and succinct. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Matteson. And when I was at length left alone I could not help thinking how much more winning and graceful she was than poor Kitty Elton.

At length an answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner—it was short and to the purpose:

"Come back. You are only losing time. If the bird has flown we must look elsewhere for him."

I read the missive with a pang. Clara Matteson's cheek deepened in color as I announced my departure to her.

"You have been far kinder than we have dared to hope, Mr. Meredith," she said, as I held her hand in mine.

"You will think of me sometimes, Clara?"

The reader will easily perceive how our intimacy had progressed. She smiled, hung her head, and taking a pair of scissors from the table, severed one bright black curl from the abundant tresses that hung over her forehead.

"Keep this, Mr. Meredith, in memory of me."

Was I foolish to press the jetty ringlet to my lips ere I laid it closely against my heart? Clara evidently thought I was, for she laughed, but did not seem displeased.

Mr. Clenner seemed annoyed when I got back to the Bureau—rather an unreasonable proceeding on his part, for I certainly did all that man could do under the circumstances.

"We have been mistaken all the way through, it seems," he said, biting his lips. "Strange—very strange—I never was before mistaken in my calculations. Well, we must try again."

I went to Kitty Elton's that night. She received me with a sweet, shy sadness of welcome that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Matteson's dark beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier. When I took my leave there were tears in her eyes.

"Kitty, you are crying!"

"Because you are changed, Edward; you do not love me as well as you did!"

"Kitty, what nonsense!"

I was vexed with her simply because I knew her accusation was true. But I kissed her once more and took my leave moody and dissatisfied.

When I reached the office next morning Mr. Clenner was not there.

"He has gone to Downville," said my fellow detective; "he went last night."

"To Downville?"

I was seriously annoyed. Did Mr. Clenner distrust the accuracy of my reports? Or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises?

"It's very strange," I mused aloud.

Jones laughed.

"Well," he said, "you know Clenner has a strange way of doing things. Depend upon it, he has good reasons for his conduct."

I was sitting at my desk two days subsequently, when the door glided noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir, and what luck?"

"The best."

"You don't mean to say you've got him?"

"I do mean to say it. Edward Meredith, I knew I could not be entirely mistaken. Perley Matteson is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."

"Where did you apprehend him?"

"At home in his mother's house."

"But—"

"He was there all the time you remained there. Ned, my boy, you have made a blunder for once; but don't let it happen again."

"What do you mean, sir?"

For reply he opened the door of the private inner apartment, his own special sanctum. A slight boyish figure leaned against the window smoking a cigarette, with black curls tossed back from a marble white brow, and brilliant eyes.

"Clara Matteson!"

"Yes," he said, in a soft, sarcastic voice. "Clara Matteson, or Perley Matteson, or whatever you choose to call me! Many thanks for your politeness, Detective Meredeth; and if you would like another lock of hair——"

I turned away, burning scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.

"Never mind, my boy, it will be a lesson to you," he said, laughing. "He makes a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."

What a double-eyed fool I had been! I had lost the reward, failed in the estimation of my fellow officers, and behaved like a brute to poor Kitty—and all for what?"

I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and to my surprise the dear, faithful little creature loved me just as well as ever.

"I won't be jealous of Perley Matteson, Edward," she said, smiling, "whatever I might be of his sister. And, dearest, don't be discouraged. I'll wait as long as you please, and you will be a second Mr. Clenner yet."

She was determined to look on the bright side of things, this little Kitty of mine. But I felt the mortification none the less keenly, although, as Mr. Clenner said, it would undoubtedly prove a good lesson to me. Perley Matteson's girlish beauty is eclipsed in the State's prison—nor do I pity him. The stake for which he played was high—and he lost.

THE NEW PRIMER.

SIMPLE STORIES FOR THE PLEASURE AND PROFIT OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

I.

Miss Hortense is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a Motto in Green and Gold. It asks What is Home without a Mother. When Miss Hortense gets it Done she will Give it to her Beau who tends a Dry goods counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the week's washing. By and by she will be bringing in the Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's Beau is Coming to-night.

II.

Here is a Molasses jug. It is full of Molasses. How many flies are there in the Molasses? That is a Hard one to Answer. Those flies will look Proud spread out on Sister Lucy's buckwheat cakes in the Morning. But Lucy will not Care. She will pick them out of the Molasses with her Taper Fingers and wipe them on the bottom of her Chair. But if her Beau were there she would Yell and say, Oh, how Horrid. The strength of a Woman's Stomach depends largely on the Surroundings.

III.

Mabel is sitting at the Piano, and she is Singing a Song. The Song says He is Waiting for Her in the Gloaming. Mabel appears to be Giving herself Dead Away. He is not Waiting for her in the Gloaming at all. He has just Drawn a bobtail Flush, and he is Wondering whether he had better Pull out or Stand on a Bluff. Mabel would Touch a Responsive Chord in his Bosom if she were to sing, Take Back the Hand Which thou Gavest.

IV.

Here is a Sewing Machine. It was made for little Children to Play with. Put your feet on the Treadles and Make the Wheels go round Fast. See how the Thread unwinds and the Needle bobs up and Down! This is Lots of Fun. Do not Deny baby the Privilege of putting his fat little Finger under the Needle. It will make Pretty Holes in the Finger and give Baby something to Occupy his Attention for a Long Time.

V.

Here we have Papa's watch. There is a Fairy in the Watch. Would You like to hear Her Sing? If you will Drop the Watch on the Floor, the Fairy in the Watch will Sing the Prettiest little Song you ever Heard, and all the Wheels will Buzz just as funny as can Be. When papa Comes home and finds the Fairy has been Singing, maybe he will Ask you to Step out into the Woodshed with him on a Matter of Business.

VI.

The young Man is Reading a Letter and seems Deeply Agitated. Maybe it is a letter from his Sweetheart, and she has Given him the Grand Bounce. How his Breast Heaves and how his Heart must Throb under the Celluloid Shirt Front. The Letter is from his Tailor. Let us not Invade the Secrecy of the Poor Young Man's Grief.

VII.

Has the Printer tobacco? He has But he will not Tell you So. He carries it in the Leg of his Boot and when he wants a Chew he Sneaks down the Back Alley where Nobody can See him. When he spits tobacco it sounds like a Duck diving in the Water. The printer is a queer man. He is a Fickle person. Sometimes he Has ten thousand ems on the String, but they are Always his Dupes. If you are a Printer Do not be a Blacksmith or you will get Fired.—*Denver Tribune.*

WHAT A NEWSPAPER DOES FOR NOTHING.—The following article should be read and pondered well by every man who takes a newspaper without paying for it:

The result of my observation enables me to state as a fact that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States, who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and dead-heading, to puff and defend more people without any fee or hope of reward than any other class.

They credit wider and longer; get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss, and are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a needless gew-gaw, yet everybody avails himself of the editor's pen and the printer's ink. How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited, pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice and puffed into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the assistance of "the lever that moves the world?" In short, what branch of American industry or activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press? And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazars of fashion and the haunts of appetite and dissipation are thronged with an eager crowd, bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless, and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting-room of the newspaper is the jewing, cheapening trade of orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printers' bill.

"'Tis more brave to live than to die."—Therefore don't wait till a slight cough develops itself into consumption, but secure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at the small outlay of 25 cents, cure your cough and live on happily.

MASTER JACK'S SONG.

[*Written by him after spending the holidays at grandmamma's.*]

LAURA RICHARDS.

You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves;
You may talk about your moonlit waves
That fall and flow;
Something fairer far than these,
I can show you, if you please;
'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam pots grow!
'Tis the dearest spot to me,
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine
In their syrup clear and fine,
And the raspberries are blushing with a dusky glow;
And the cherry and the plum
Seem to beckon me to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

There the sprightly pickles stand,
With the catsup close at hand,
And the marmalades and jellies in a goodly row;
And the quince's ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire
To seek the little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

Never tell me of your bowers
That are full of bugs and flowers;
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow;
But sing me, if you will,
Of the house beneath the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

—*Youths' Companion.*

GRAMMATICAL.

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
The plural of goose is not gooses nor geese;
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, and not mouses,
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,
But the plural of house should be houses, not hice;
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet,
But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

—*Chatterbox.*

A SOMNAMBULIST'S DOINGS.

QUEER FREAKS OF A MAINE MAN AS DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

The somnambulist is a middle aged man of nervous, imaginative temperament, who lives in Lewiston, and who casually told one of his midnight adventures to a *Journal* reporter last evening. "I've never given the matter much thought," said he, "but I suppose I am a somnambulist. My sleep-walking has never given me any permanent inconvenience, and I have always regarded its ludicrous side rather than its psychical bearing. Perhaps after I tell you my story some learned scientist may come along and say I am no somnambulist; where will you be then?" "Well, we'll call you a somnambulist until somebody can prove you are not.—Let's hear about your sleeping feats. When did you first become aware that you were a sleep-walker?"

"I remember the circumstance with great vividness, although it was 20 years ago, when I was a mere boy. I was in a strange house. I arose from my bed, walked the length of a long corridor and successfully evaded the stairs. I fumbled around the latch of the room occupied by a gentleman boarding at the house, causing him to shout, but not to deter me. I entered his room and carried on an animated conversation with him before I came to my senses. It was fortunate that he recognized me in the moonlight, as he would otherwise, probably, have rewarded my persistency with a shot or two from a revolver, which lay on a chair by his bedside. He told me, after I awoke, that I said I was trying to find my folks and knew they were in there somewhere. The sensation I experienced was novel, I assure you, and far from agreeable. It was with a feeling of relief that I returned to my blankets after I gained consciousness. Consciousness came to me suddenly, and I felt so crest-fallen at my discovery of my actions that I didn't stay to make many inquiries.

"These phenomena did not happen very frequently. It was fully a year after this happened that I next displayed my somnambulistic tendency. My father caught me by the hair one night, and I suddenly realized the discomforts of somnambulism. I had wandered down stairs, simply put on my hat and overcoat over my chamber regalia, (it being the winter season,) had placed my books under my arm, and was going over the threshold of the front door, when he reached and restrained me. It was not until I returned to my normal state that I felt cold, although I was in my bare feet. At the instant of returning consciousness, however, the sensations were severe, and it is a wonder that illness did not result.

"Another time, my folks were aroused in the night by a racket down in the sitting-room. The sound was as if a saw mill had been started somewhere in the vicinity.—They thought of me, though, the first thing, and down stairs they rushed. They didn't arrive any too soon. It was a hard story to believe, but I had actually found my way to the wood-shed, got the saw, and was busily engaged in sawing the legs from the sitting-room furniture. I ruined one chair. I was perspiring over the last leg when I was pounded into consciousness. I think we would have had a better supply of kindling wood than veneered chairs if I had been allowed to operate. Upon awakening I retained a well-defined impression of the motives which had seemingly actuated me. I seemed to be impressed with the idea that amputation was necessary to save the chairs from a general tipping over, crash and smash. In my nightmare the furniture had assumed abnormal proportions. It seemed to be on stilts and to be susceptible of tumbling over at the least jar. So weird are the somnambulist's fancies. I was but following an impulse which urged me to save the establishment from disaster—dissolution—chaos—by this heroic treatment.

"As I have grown older, my experiences of this kind have been far less frequent. But within five or six years I have made two or three demonstrations and had succeeded in alarming the household. One fall, during a political campaign, I was discovered about 1 o'clock A. M. standing in undress in the middle of the floor, wildly gesticulating and making a not very well connected political speech. I talked for two or three minutes in a rambling way, and my folks put a stop to it. But now I am going to tell you one of the most ludicrous and dramatic of these midnight performances. I will give you the details as I distinctly remember them, and will describe the scenes depicted by my imagination, as if they were real.

"I saw the figure of a man standing by my bed-side. His face and form looked so real and so plainly defined in the moonlight that if I were an an artist, I could reproduce him on paper now. I remained motionless for a few moments and watched him. He said nothing. I sprang up and exclaimed, 'What do you want here? Get out of this!' The figure seemed to dissolve, but I saw a shadow flit across the threshold of the door leading from my room to another room. I lighted a match and stealthily followed. The man was seen standing in a threatening posture in one corner of the room. I said 'What does this mean?' He made no reply. I grasped what seemed to be a club and struck at him. A noise as if a wild steer had entered a tin-shop caused me to rub my eyes and pinch myself. My consciousness had returned. I had brought the coal-hod down on the sitting-room stove with a great thwack, and was more bewildered than than at any time before or since. My wife says she heard me fumbling and muttering. She shouted to me two or three times, but the only reply I vouchsafed was a dramatic "Sh! Be still! I'll fix him.' After awakening, I remembered everything but this dialogue, and was not aware that I had spoken to my wife."

"Have you always been awakened in the midst of these operations?"

"Not always. I am sometimes led to think that there are occasions when I walk in my sleep and am not made aware of it.—Household articles have been found displaced and domestic mysteries, accountable in no other way but by my sleep-walking, have been discovered in the morning. A fire, which we have been accustomed to keep over night in our sitting room, and which burned with great regularity, went out one night, and a damper, which we positively remembered adjusting rightly, was found turned in such a way that the fire must necessarily have gone out. Three or four times, within a few weeks, the same thing happened, and we were puzzled over a cause, when I was heard and discovered in the act of turning the damper, in my sleep, one night."

"Will you describe the various sensations which are experienced by the somnambulist?"

"The primary feeling is one of pressure, constraint, and very disagreeable.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 24, 1882.

THE clerks in the different London postoffices seem to have had a very lively time on St. Patrick's day. They were instructed to cut open hundreds of paste board boxes sent from Ireland, only to find that it was the green shamrock and not the deadly dynamite that met their gaze. The, one, however, is about as great a terror to the eyes of an Englishman as the other, the shamrock seeming to have the same effect on a member of the John Bull family as a red flag has upon a bovine of the same name in the ring.

THE deplorable condition of the Irish people, is briefly, but most eloquently set forth by the announcement that there are now in the three southern provinces of that country—Leinster, Connaught and Munster—as many British troops as Lord Raglan, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, had under him when he landed in the Crimea to fight the armies of the Emperor of Russia. Imagine forty thousand troops scattered over about three-fourths of the area of Pennsylvania, together with all that such a state of affairs implies, and an adequate conception can be formed of the unhappy condition of things in that, the worst governed and oppressed country in the world.

THERE is trouble again, and a vast amount of it, among the Philadelphia Democrats. It is all about choosing a city committee and is substantially the same old fight that was so long waged for the organization of the committee between Vaux and McGowan. The quarrel now grows out of the candidacy of Robt E. Pattison, the present city controller, for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Ever since Pattison's name was first mentioned for Governor there has been crimination and recrimination among the Democrats of that city, producing in the end a most bitter feud. If Mr. Pattison can't unite his party in his own city in favor of his nomination, prudence ought to suggest to him the propriety of withdrawing from the contest.

CONGRESSMAN MARK H. DUNNELL, of the First Minnesota district, is terribly afflicted with what General Harrison once bewailed as the "wild hunt after office." Dunnell has been elected six times in succession and announces not only that he will try it again, but that he also intends to push Windom out of the U. S. Senate and step into his place. This is a big contract. Dunnell was in Congress when the salary grab passed in 1873, and it is related of him that before he left home for Washington on that occasion he had consulted a contractor about building a new house for him, but did not then quite close the agreement owing to a lack of ready money. As soon, however, as he found out that Grant had signed the back pay bill, he rushed to the telegraph office, wild with delight, and instructed the contractor to "haul sand immediately."

IT is estimated that not less than 85,000 persons, the larger portion of whom are colored, have been rendered destitute by the overflow of the Mississippi river and its tributaries in the States of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. The calamity is of unprecedented magnitude, a vast amount of property having been destroyed and a great many lives lost. It has been more fearful than the ravages of war, and has carried off mules, horses, cattle, farming implements and planted crops to such an extent that the work of recuperation will be a most difficult task. The general government, through the prompt action of Congress, has come to the aid of the sufferers in a most generous manner, by the loan and distribution of hundreds of thousands of rations from Memphis and Vicksburg to the regions back of them. The spring outlook in the Mississippi valley, the most fertile and magnificent in the world, is not a pleasant one.

BEFORE Sergeant Mason was taken to the Albany penitentiary last week, he published a card in the Washington *Critic* in reference to his trial, and in a postscript said: "I must say that I do not want to be pardoned by no Guiteau President." We suspect very strongly that in penning this one sentence in his postscript Mason has closed the door to executive clemency in his behalf. The efforts that were made directly after his conviction and sentence, to save him from a long term of imprisonment, and which are still actively going on, even the Legislatures of several of the States having adopted resolutions requesting the President to pardon him and to restore him to his place in the army, might have been successful; but as he has seen proper to forstall the movement by deliberately repudiating it, the probability is that Mr. Arthur, the "Guiteau President," as he calls him, may take him at his own word and refuse to interfere.

FROM the annual tax returns made to the Secretary of Internal Affairs at Harrisburg the singular discovery is made that in Washington and Warren counties there is not a watch of any kind, either gold or silver. As Lieutenant-Governor Stone lives in Warren county, the question is pertinent, what has become of the magnificent gold watch presented to him by the members of the State Senate? Crawford county appears also not to have a single watch, which leads the Crawford *Democrat* to say that such a return is perfectly absurd, and that the county commissioners knew it was when they made it. Cambria county returns seventy-eight gold lever watches, which is a tolerably fair showing as other returns go, but there appears to be only two silver lever watches in the whole county—one in the third ward of Johnstown and the other in Summitville. We thought there were more, but must be mistaken, as figures never lie.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Governor Hoyt has repeatedly stated in private conversations, and once in a letter addressed to the Philadelphia *Times*, that he did not intend calling an extra session of the Legislature, no public necessity existing in his judgment for such a step, certain prominent Republicans are busily engaged in manufacturing public opinion, as they call it, for the purpose of forcing the Governor into the project. The most active of these agitators is Cooper, State Senator from Delaware county, and chairman of the Republican State Committee. He gets himself frequently interviewed by the Philadelphia newspaper reporters, and in that way keeps himself and his reasons for an extra session constantly before the public. His principal reason is that the Republicans, having now a majority in each branch of the Legislature, should meet and pass the Apportionment bills, and should not risk their chances of being able to do so at the regular session next winter. Has Cooper lost all faith in the Republicanism of Governor Hoyt? And does he suppose that if the Democrats in November should elect a majority of the members of the Legislature, which under the present apportionment bill is about as likely to happen as it is that the color of Cooper's hair, which is now a bright red, will in the meantime assume the raven's hue, and should gerrymander the State more outrageously even than it now is, that the Governor would forget that he is clothed with the veto power and consent to see the "grand old Republican party" in this State practically wiped out of existence for the next ten years? Governor Hoyt knows very well that whether the State is districted before the next election or after it is a matter of small concern to the people, whatever it may be to politicians and office seekers, and he also knows that an extra session would cost the taxpayers of the State not less than two hundred thousand dollars. This, however, is a small consideration with Cooper and the men who are backing him in his extra session project. The Governor is unquestionably right in the ground he occupies on the question, and if he maintains it will deserve and receive the approbation of the people.

IT is supreme folly for Democrats in any State to expect of a Republican Legislature that it will honestly, much less with even an approach to justice based on the relative strength of parties pass a fair and equitable Congressional apportionment bill. It is a game that two can play at just as party success in a State falls on the one side or the other, but we are convinced that before many years both parties will unite as a matter of self-defence, in the introduction of some system in framing an apportionment bill by which the legitimate rights of political minorities will be secured, instead of being shamefully taken away and destroyed. The apportionment bills which have just passed the Legislatures of Iowa and Michigan are monstrous instances of the injustice to which we refer. Each of them is entitled to eleven members, but their counties have been so displaced and so wonderfully mixed up that there will not be a single Democratic district in either State. Garfield's vote in Iowa last fall a year was 181,000, and Hancock's and Weaver's 138,000: so that every 15,000 Republican voters will be able to elect a Congressmen, while 130,000 Democratic and Greenback voters can't elect even one. In the Michigan gerrymander the same infamous result is accomplished, 175,000 opposition voters being absolutely disfranchised—left without a single district. The very same thing is now in process of accomplishment by the Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, the paradise of political cant and charlatanism. And yet the Republicans in all of these three States are eternally crying out in favor of a full and free ballot and a fair count. Hypocrisy, thy name is Republicanism.

THE reputation of Aaron A. Sargent, of California, who was recently appointed Minister to Germany by Mr. Arthur, don't seem to be any better in that country than it is in his own, and the newspapers in Berlin severely criticise the selection of such a successor to former American ministers like George Bancroft, Bayard Taylor and Andrew D. White. It has been a peculiarity of American politics, ever since the close of the civil war, that when a member of Congress succeeds in establishing his reputation as a public plunderer, he is seized with an ambition to represent his country in some capacity abroad, either at a European monarchy, or at one of the Republics of South America. In a contest of this kind a rogue will often succeed where an honest and deserving man would meet with ignominious failure. Men who are not fortunate enough to become Congressmen play the same role as was shown only last week in the case of a man in one of the Western States, who was pretty certain of soon being appointed Consul to a city of the second class in Germany, but who was compelled suddenly to make his escape in order to avoid being arrested for forgery. No man who has a proper regard for the honor and reputation of his country among foreign nations can defend Sargent's appointment. He has no political influence in his own State which would single him out for the honor, nor was he one of the 306 men who fought in the last ditch for Grant's third term at the Chicago convention. The motives for his appointment in the face of his bad Congressional record are hard to understand.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* pays the following significant tribute to the Democracy. Its admiration and commendation were excited and called forth by the distinguished gathering on the anniversary of Jackson's birthday. The Stalwart Republican organ of Chicago says:

"There is something refreshing and delightful in the ever-returning enthusiasm of the Democrat at these anniversary occasions. In national retirement for twenty-five years, and much of the time in actual disgrace, they put to shame well-fed Republicans, who can hardly squeeze out a cheer except when a national contest forces them to sink faction and self or lose all. We never admired the Democratic party nor its principles, but must confess that its superabundant and ever-recurring enthusiasm, whether in power or out of power, commands our sympathy and makes us wish that we could transfer some of it to the party whose principles and history have been a large part of the country's glory for the last twenty-five years."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

COLD WEATHER—THE DEDICATION OF CAMBRIA'S NEW COURT HOUSE—GEN. M'DONALD'S CANDIDACY—THE BI-CENTENNIAL—ONE OR THE OTHER—THE BIG SUNFLOWERS—THE PERUVIAN NASTINESS—THE "PRESS" AND KING'S DETECTIVES—DEGENERATE STATESMEN—SPECIAL BREVITIES.

PHILADELPHIA, March 20, 1882.

[*Regular Correspondence of* THE FREEMAN.]

DEAR MCPIKE—Another mantle of white has covered the bare, brown, frozen earth. We have had another invoice of snow, which has become monotonous. It is hard on the eyes, and some other color, green for instance, would be warmly welcomed. No one now comes out with gushing sentiments of admiration of beautiful snow—not even one of all the claimants to the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" could now get any credit for that fine poetic production. Cold weather will soon be gone and ulsters will ere long be hanging in their accustomed places at the pawn-brokers.

The FREEMAN tells me that arrangements are being made for the dedication of the new Court House, and that the 25th of May is fixed for the ceremonies; that the address of welcome will be delivered by Gen. Joseph McDonald, and that Robert L. Johnston will paraphrase on the reminiscences of Cambria county. The county has been especially felicitous in the selection of its orators. It would afford me much pleasure, indeed, to be present at the ceremonies of dedication and listen to the orations of those two estimable friends and eloquent gentlemen. Had I a new pair of legs, I would tramp all the way there to be present on that interesting occasion. I trust that my eloquent friend, Rob't L., will not omit the historic reminiscence of the fierce conflict between the Snodgrass and anti-Snodgrass factions. Those were memorable days in Cambria county. Portage Rail Road officials were once the great high-cock-alorums, of Cambria county, and in one stage of Cambria's existence, she was the scene of many bitter political collisions and internal convulsions. Your correspondent was a happy participant in many of the battles, and plumed himself upon the credit given the *Echo* for its great services in displacing certain important Portage Railroad dignitaries and installing others. Your correspondent took especial pride in the part he acted in the appointment of the honest (?) Frank West to the Superintendency. It was a lowpiece of economy, however, and nothing to be proud of as West's stealings made the little peculations of all the other Superintendent's respectable.

I am pleased to see that my old-time friend Gen. McDonald is a candidate for legislative honors, which of course he will receive, and will in that position do credit and honor to the county. By the way, the General himself could say something about plots and counter-plots of the Portage officials in suppressing the wishes of the people of Cambria. It was the high-cock-alorums of the Old Portage that stood between him and a seat in Congress.

THE BI-CENTENNIAL.

Philadelphia, where the first Congress of our republic assembled; where the Declaration of Independence was first proclaimed; where the Constitution of the United States was adopted, and where Washington's Farewell Address was delivered, are sufficient to cause our public-spirited citizens to rapidly fall in line in favor of the Bi-Centennial celebration. The occasion is kindling a glowing enthusiasm which is likely to win for it a cordial co-operation. Every citizens of Pennsylvania has a right to cherish a commonwealth that can claim her hosts of heroes, statesmen, merchants and mechanics, such as the Franklins, Guards, Morrises, Biltenhouses, Finches and Fultons, not forgetting the Smiths, who have become illustrious throughout the world. The Bi-Centennial Association is making vigorous efforts, not only to do honor to the good and great Quaker by whom the foundation of our noble commonwealth was laid two hundred years ago, but also to show to her sister States and to the world the amazing progress she has made during the unfolding of her history in the arts, sciences, literature and educational and social advancement. The proposed celebration of the memorable event of the landing of Penn is an eminently proper conception. What a marvelous change there has been since the landing of Penn and his hundred associates, from the little ship in which they arrived among Indian canoes on the Delaware, to the armored warships and magnificent merchant steamers now launched from our shipyards.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

Either the party in power is unfit to govern the country, or our form of government is a failure. Republican statesmanship finds no method of prevention that does not not sweep away the most valued muniments of free government. Even in the suppression of such an admitted evil of polygamy the Republican party cannot adjust itself to a salutary restraint. It was the glory of the Democratic party that for nearly three quarters of a century it was enabled to govern the country within the boundary of the Constitution, but it seems impossible for the Republican party to do so, and proves that it is unfit to govern the country.

THE BIG SUNFLOWERS.

Jack Sherman and Bill Windom, the Robert Macaise and Jacques Strop, of the Republican party, are now dubbed the "Big Sunflowers." This brace of Republican aesthetes persuaded their underling, Pitney, to rob the public till to pay for their bouquets and serenades.

THE PERUVIAN NASTINESS.

There is an odor of whitewash at the very threshold of the investigation of the Peruvian nastiness. The members of the committee of Investigation were thrown into a state of great trepidition, when Mr. Shipherd indicated that he was willing to tell the whole truth. When the committeemen discovered that Mr. Shipherd was going to tell all he knew about the connection of the Government officials with the Peruvian villainy they quailed. The honest (?) committeemen desired Mr. Shipherd to tell only what they desired him to tell. So the complicity of the Government officials with the speculative schemes of the Peruvian Company are not to be given to the public. Mr. Shipherd seems to have a desire not to conceal anything, which is just what some of the Honorable gentlemen on the Committee don't want him to do. He knows some things that they would rather he didn't know. Mr. Shipherd knows too much about the Peruvian nastiness, and Congressmen don't like to investigate themselves. One of the 306 medal bearers, while nosing around the capitol mistook the Peruvian guano committee for a Stalwart caucus. The poor 306-er was misled by the smell. The mephitic atmosphere of the Senate has been freshened by the turning up of the Peruvian guano business.

DEGENERATE STATESMEN.

It is mortifying and humiliating to think of the great decline in old fashioned honor in politics. The time was when an American statesman was an honest, honorable man. Congressmen were once men whom all Americans were proud of, but Back Pay Grabbers, Credit Mobilier, Pacific Mail Subsidisers, Real Estate Poblers, Freedman's Bureaulites, Post Traders, Indian Ringsters, Post Office rouners, Peruvian nastiness &c., have brought odium upon the people and the nation, Boss Tweed's greatest happiness, the only consolation that miserable old plunderer had on his return to the United States, was to learn that his absence had not left the American people devoid of scoundrels. The time was when the American nation presented the grandest spectacle ever seen by men. God save the country! Whither are the American people drifting?

THE 'PRESS' AND KING'S DETECTIVES.

The *Press* is fast gaining in popularity and reaching a high prominence as a city journal, by it persistent onslaught on Mayor King's detectives. The citizens of Philadelphia don't believe in the proverb that seems to be Mr. King's whole theory and philosophy of the detective system. "Set a rogue to catch a rogue." The exposures of the *Press* induced the Mayor to dispense with the services of a few rascally policemen, but he replaced them with greater rogues. There is no let up in the *Press* in its onslaught on Mayor King's detectives, and the Mayor and his officers signally failed to disprove the detailed and explicit denunciation of the *Press*. Louis Megarge is the city editor of the *Press*, is the chief leader of the forces of the paper in the battle, and a gallant and noble leader he is. He is the brightest, most dashing, enterprising and courageous journalist in the city, and is making the *Press* unequalled by any Philadelphia paper for its special locals—Young Megarge is winning fame, and is a credit to the American journalism of to-day.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The almond-eyed Celestial must not come.

Ex-Senator Conkling was called before the curtain and bowed.

It is rumored that Lord Roscoe and Lady Kate fished the Garfield letter out of Chase's trunk.

Guiteau is now bulling the autograph market for a living.

Edmunds does not believe in second love, and declines to step into the gown rejected by Conkling.

It does seem as if Uncle Sammy Tilden still bears the buzzing of the White House bee.

Secretary Frelinghuysen is said to be as stiff as a Springfield rifle, and as cold as one of John Sherman's smiles.

Jack Logan is sick and old man Grant has had no alms from the public purse for a couple of weeks.

The man who cooled Garfield will get five thousand dollars, and the man who warmed Arthur will get hung.

The civil war has left in its wake a flood of heart burnings. That was an unfortunate letter of Gen. Garfield to his friend Governor Chase.

If Grant has a bill against the Government, let him present it and quit the system of blackmail which he and Jack Logan are operating.

The late Presidential Fraud has changed the spelling of his name to Hays, to get rid of the little dark-e he has been forced to associate with.

Davy Davis, Jack Logan and Bill Mahone are to make speeches in Illinois on the Fourth of July. Davy will play the cannon-popper, Johnnie will play the fiz-gig, and Billie illustrate the sky-rocket. The pyrotechnics on that day will be beyond comparison.

The political hyenas are mangling Garfield's reputation, as the surgeons butchered his body. Day by day the evidence is accumulating that, though his manner of taking off was damnable, he died none too soon for his own fame.

The rumor now is that old Aleck Stephens is going to die another time; not, however, until he is out of office. He is not disposed to die while in office. It is sincerely to be hoped that the next time Aleck dies he will be kind enough to stay dead.

It is said the great Confederate and Federal, Gordon and Grant, can shake hands, having both been bunged in the recent stock rumpus. As old man Grant is now short of grog and cigar change, the 306 brass medals might be melted and coined into pennies for the old bruiser.

G. N. S.

JUDGE BLACK was unable to attend the late celebration of Gen. Jackson's birthday by the Iroquois Club of Chicago and sent an admirable letter in which he refers to "Old Hickory's" stern devotion to the great and invaluable Democratic doctrine of the right of local self-government, as follows:

"There was one great principle which Jackson understood better than any public man we ever had, except Jefferson, and sustained it with inflexible firmness—the right of local self-government—the privilege which every organized community ought to have of doing as it pleases in regard to those matters which concern nobody else. That is indeed the very essence of civil liberty. * * * Congress, instead of confining itself to general legislation affecting all sections and all classes alike, undertakes to regulate the private interests of the country, and they call it legislation to stuff the rich with bounties, while land and labor are starved with taxes. So numerous are the pending applications for the legislative schemes which cannot be carried out without robbing the public that Congress is not expected to understand the meaning or purpose of one in a hundred. In truth, if this imperial power shall undertake to provide for the diversified interests of the country by special legislation, it must not only do infinite wrong, but it will break down with the weight and become bewildered by the multiplicity of its business.

"MADE NEW AGAIN."

Mrs. WM. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., I have used 'your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—'*made new again*' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

A LICENSE is required for marriage in Illinois. A young man's wedding day drew near, and the road to Galena, the nearest licensing place, was in such a condition that a horse could not be used on it. The distance was seventeen miles. After trying to hire somebody to make the journey on foot, and failing to find a pedestrian at the price he could afford to pay, he set out himself on the morning of the appointed day. It was a hard job, and he returned covered with mud, almost exhausted, and barefooted, his boots having been mired and abandoned, but he brought the license, and the ceremony was performed in the evening.

THOUSANDS bear witness to the positive curative powers of the GERMAN GERMAN INVIGORATOR, the only remedy that has proved itself a SPECIFIC for general debility, seminal weakness, impotency, etc., and all diseases that arise from self-abuse or over-taxed brain, finally ending in consumption, insanity and a premature grave. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, and by all druggists, or will be sent free on receipt of $1.00 per box, or six boxes for $5.00. Address F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for the United States. Send for circular and testimonials of genuine cures.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, dear to all Irish hearts wherever they may be, was kept in a very quiet fashion every where this year, the money that is usually expended in parades and uniforms having been wisely and patriotically sent to Ireland to aid their distressed friends who are the victims of oppression and rapacity.—*Altoona Sunday Morning.*

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. Read about it in other column.

HENRY G. RODGERS, United States Minister to Sardinia under President Van Buren, and one of the three surviving members of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention of 1837, died on Sunday night in the county almshouse at Lancaster, Pa.

A FULL FEELING after meals, dyspepsia, heartburn, and general ill health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

THE RIVER'S RAVAGES.

SAD SCENES FROM CAIRO TO MEMPHIS—PANORAMIC PICTURES FROM THE OVERFLOWED REGION OF THE ILL-FATED MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Following are some sketches of life and death in the regions of the Mississippi river floods, taken from the special correspondence of the New York *Herald*:

A widow lady, living with her three children on the Missouri shore above Donaldson's Point, was rescued by some men in a skiff after the water had risen two feet above her cabin floor, and was taken to the Kentucky side of the river. She was ill, and had to be lifted from her bed into the boat, and when the party reached Kentucky and she was being lifted again she died. The children were cared for by some of the people living above Hickman on the high ground.

Another woman, living in the same neighborhood, Mrs. Barton by name, became a mother prematurely, owing to the excitement, after the house had been surrounded by the water. In her condition it was not possible to remove her, and not one of the rescuing party that would gladly have taken her away was willing to take the chance of remaining with her over night. They stayed, however, long enough to fasten her bed to the roof of her cabin, where it swung some five feet above the floor and probably two feet above the highest point reached by the water. She lay alone through the night, and in the morning was lifted as tenderly as could be into a skiff and taken to Hickman, where two days later she died.

In one case an old lady, Mrs. Cromwell, living nearly opposite Hickman's, was found alone in her house by a party who were seeking for survivors. Her son had taken his mare and colt into the house for safety, and going out to look after other stock had been unable to get back to the house. The horses were in the parlor and the old lady in the second story. She had to be taken out thro' the roof, and the animals were also saved.—Several persons were saved in their night clothes, being aroused from sleep by the sudden rise of ten days ago, only in time to seek the roofs of their houses.

MOORED TO A TREE.

Many stories of individual adventures are told, some amusing and some bordering on the tragic. In one case, a skiff party were directed to the house of a Jim Steinwell, who lived about five miles below Hickman, on the lowlands near the river. Rowing thither they found his frail cabin afloat and his wife and two babies on the roof while he was on a tree near by. He had fastened one end of a rope to his ridgepole and swam with the other end to the tree, to which he had moored the house. All four were brought off by a line, though the sturdy fellow could hardly be dissuaded from trying to save his house. It was all he had in the world, excepting his family, and many and many a family, sir, was drowned. There is no doubt of it. Yes sir; it is the same old story, and an awful one it is."

His vehemence was not surprising, for he had lost a large portion of a comfortable fortune and had almost lost his life trying to save his horses. He told me that he swam seven horses over to a place where they stood only knee deep, and where they would have been safe if they could have stood upright, but they were so chilled by the long wetting that five of them lay down and were drowned in the shallow water.

NOT LAND ENOUGH FOR A GRAVE.

Mr. Mangum tells a story of a friend of his, Mr. Udet, who had an old colored servant, to whom he was much attached. During the first rush of the flood the old man was drowned. Mr. Udet, after attending to more pressing matters, went back to try and fish out the old man's body. While he was working at this a neighbor asked him what he was doing. He said he wanted to bury the body.

"Where; bury it where?" asked the neighbor.

There was not a spot of dry land within fifteen miles, and he suspended his search.—This singular trouble added no little inconvenience to grief in many instances. One planter brought the body of his wife thirty miles to bury her, as he could not get access to his own burying plot on account of the water.

DROWNED.

There has been a very considerable number of deaths by drowning in the sunken district. An old negro, his wife and six children, the oldest twelve years, were fleeing from their wrecked home in Phillips county in a skiff, when the frail craft capsized and the entire family were drowned. Thirty or forty deaths are reported in the four counties, the most of the unfortunates being negroes and none of them being known beyond their homes. It is possible, even probable, that this number will be multiplied many times by the sufferings from starvation and improper food during the next two weeks.—On Buffalo Island alone, which is a small island in St. Francis lake, there is a population of one thousand people, who are entirely cut off from communication. They have not been heard from since the floods began, and the havoc that may have been wrought there may prove one of the worst chapters of the whole awful story. For communities to be so ravaged by floods seems to argue a neglect of precaution on their part; but it should be remembered that so far as history goes there is no precedent for this flood, as it was never thought possible that the Mississippi would find an outlet into the head waters of the St. Francis. That it has done so now is certain, though it is impossible under the present condition of things to tell just the course it has followed.

COMPULSORY TANNERISM—MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Columbus, Ky., says: "Stories illustrating the height of water and danger of a week ago are told by these gentlemen. One is to the effect that a colored man and his child were in a boat coming down the river, when the former lost his footing and fell overboard, swimming, however, to a tree. The boat containing the child drifted down and lodged in some driftwood, the little one being rescued after four days' abstinence from food. Another gentleman told of a man and his wife on whom the water gained so rapidly that they were compelled to take refuge on the roof of the house, being rescued by a man in a dugout after a day and a half of isolation."

Another from Hickman, Ky., says: "In connection with the work of the relief committee several instances of miraculous escapes from death are reported. Dr. Byrum and family of four persons were taken from the room of their dwelling, saving nothing but their night clothes, in which they were attired. Mr. William Allen and his family scaffolded themselves up day by day as the water rose, until finally they were rescued from the roof of the house. Marcus Little, who lay ill with pneumonia, was raised up on a platform until finally he was lifted out through the roof.

INDIVIDUAL DISASTER.

The individual stories of disaster and hardship that come in would fill page upon page of the *Herald*, but they are nearly all alike in detail. The broad statement of fact is that more than 100,000 people have had their homes flooded in this valley. Probably half of them have been driven from their homes; certainly more than half of them have been crippled in means if not actually beggared. Probably a quarter of them are living amid the waters to-day, and fully as many do not know where to-morrow's food is to come from.

ONLY TWO BOTTLES.—Messrs. Johnson, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both the officers and the wife of Gen. John C. Fremont, Governor of Arizona, had been cured of Catarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm.

CATARRH, Cold in the head and Hay Fever. We hear from our customers the most flattering reports of Ely's Cream Balm; believe it is an article of real merit. SMITH, KLINE, & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia, Pa.

AT Good Hope, Ill., on Saturday, Thomas Edmonson, an old and respected citizen, was shot three times and almost instantly killed by a young man named Gick.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—To the weak PERUNA gives strength.

—Guiteau is reported to be as buoyant and as hopeful as ever.

—Cardinal Manning refused to drink wine though ordered to do so by his doctor.

—Rutherford B. Hayes is really President this time—of the Fremont Savings Bank.

—The Pacific Mill, Lawrence, Mass., closed Tuesday night. Over 5,000 employes idle.

—That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

—Edward Walter, of Elk county, has fourteen children, and the oldest one is only 13 years.

—The dwelling of Alfred Willis at Cardiff, Ont., was burned on Monday. His three children perished.

—Tobacco killed a boy of 15 at Blair, Neb. He not only chewed great quantities of the weed, but swallowed the juice.

—Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. At James' drug store.

—Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. At James' drug store.

—A cow belonging to Jonathan Wood, of Centre Square, Bucks county, recently gave birth to a calf that weighed 120 pounds.

—Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. At James' drug store.

—A young couple were baptized together at Trousdale, Tenn., and immediately afterward were married in their dripping garments by the same clergyman.

—At Sharp's Ridge, Mayberry township, Montour county, two pine trees standing eight feet apart are connected by a limb eighteen feet above the ground.

—John Rohe, an old resident of East Liberty, Allegheny county, fell upon a low picket fence on Saturday, and one of the pickets piercing his body was instantly killed.

—The hair of Johann Strauss's wife (of course you know her) reaches to her ankles, and weighs all of five pounds. She used on it nothing but the water of her native city, Cologne.

—The husband of Mrs. R. B. Hayes has become one of the incorporators of a savings bank at Fremont, Ohio. His frugal habits these latter years will make this a congenial business.

—At the sale of the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs property near Lynchburg, Va., on Monday last, the hotel porch fell, killing one man and seriously injuring 12 other persons.

—In New Brunswick, N. J., Nancy Bell, colored, while on a drunken carousal at her home, fell on her ten months' old child and killed it. She left the city before her arrest could be effected.

—Mrs. Amelia Coles, a widow of thirty, residing at Holmesburg, Pa., who eloped to Georgia four months since with Cullen Lane, a married man, has been returned to her home by her aunt.

—There was no attempt to deceive the guests as to the age of the bride and bridegroom of a wedding at Elgin, Ill. The cards of invitation said: "Smith Jamison, 84, to Sarah Seward, 83."

—Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had a street fight with pistols at New Lexington, Ohio, over the possession of their child. They had agreed to separate, but neither wished to give up the little one.

—Mrs. Ann Jackson, wife of a tailor, committed suicide in a station house at Hartford, Conn., on Monday evening. She had only been locked up twenty-five minutes when she was found hanging.

—At Cherryfield, Maine, on Sunday evening, as Mrs. Hettie Sprague, a widow, was leaving church, Chester Cunningham slipped up, drew a knife, and cut her throat. She died almost instantly. Jealousy.

—A crow that could speak a dozen words plainly has just died at Bedford, Mass. He might have become famous in his lifetime, but for his shocking profanity, which made his seclusion necessary. His early education had been bad.

—Mason could never have done so well for Betty and the baby in the army as he has by his breach of law and of discipline. Probably the little woman didn't know there was so much money in the world as she has now seen the color of.

—J. W. Johnson, editor of the Sheldon, (Ill.,) *Gazette*, a prominent Republican politician, and an applicant for a Swedish consulship, is alleged to have forged commercial paper to the extent of several thousand dollars. He has left the country.

—The Britton family has for four generations lived on charity in Germantown, Pa. The progenitor, who died a few years ago, aged 96, had been a professional beggar seventy years. The youngest members are now toddling from door to door with scrap baskets.

—John Lynch attempted to board a moving freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad, at Mifflintown, on Thursday night, but was thrown under the wheels and almost instantly killed. He was from Darlington, England, and had been only two weeks in this country.

—The Warden of the Illinois penitentiary says that James Burke died in that prison of grief and remorse. He slew his brother, and a court and jury viewed the crime so leniently that he was sentenced to only five years' imprisonment. But his own estimate of his guilt was much higher.

—The hidden vault in which Mr. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton once stored his papers and valuables, containing an oaken cabinet with seven pigeon-holes labelled by his own hand, was discovered lately by some laborers who were tearing away a portion of the wall of his old Baltimore house.

—Hoge, on trial for his life at Bellefontaine, Ohio, was a handsome fellow, and women of the place made much of him, crowding round him in the court room, piling his table with flowers, and some of them, though only slight acquaintances, kissing him when a verdict of acquittal was rendered.

—William Breckinridge, 25 years old, in the employ of the Troy Laundry, at New York, went up on the roof of the engine house on Friday to make some repairs while the engine was in motion, when he was caught in the belting and both feet torn off at the ankles. He lived only half an hour afterward.

—The heaviest blow of the season occurred at Portsmouth, N. H., on Saturday, in which the schooner E. A. Elliot and several smaller vessels were wrecked. The steamers Rochester and Florence are overdue at Boston and a number of outgoing vessels are lying at anchor in the harbor waiting for the heavy sea to subside.

—At about four o'clock on Saturday morning Charles S. Wells, of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, N. Y., discovered a bright comet in Hercules' right ascension, 17 hours, 52 minutes, north declination, 32 degrees, 30 minutes. The comet has a tail about 5 minutes in length and a nucleus of about the eighth magnitude.

—The Pacific Mill strikers at Lawrence, Mass., number 603. Number idle because of the strike, 410. A general lockout was expected on Monday. Father Ryan (Catholic) in church on Sunday advised the strikers to return to work, and denounced the leaders of the movement. While speaking many people left the church.

—At Rawlins, W. T., on Sunday, a party of masked men visited the jail and took therefrom Wm. Carter, Robert Roddick and James Lacy and hanged Lacy and Roddick. Carter was allowed to escape. The men belonged to a gang of safe blowers who have lately been operating extensively in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah.

—W. E. Dickson, of Chicago, waited upon the President on Tuesday last and presented the monster petition from the citizens of Illinois for executive clemency in the case of Sergeant Mason. He was accompanied by Representatives Aldrich and Farwell, and had a pleasant interview. The President said he would consider the case.

—M. E. Dickson, of Chicago, started for Washington on Saturday night with a petition for the pardon of Sergeant Mason. The petition is 2,400 feet long and is said to contain 120,000 names. It is elaborately gotten up and required two expert paper hangers two hours to fold it properly. The *Tribune's* Sergeant Mason fund amounts to $320.

—Jane McManus, who was buried in Frankford, Philadelphia, on Thursday, had been living there on the charity of her neighbors. She was once a millionaire, having sold her deceased husband's coffee plantation in Venezuela, but was afterwards robbed of the money. Mrs. McManus has claims pending against the Venezuelan government.

—While Michael Garrish, Allen Failes, Samuel Montgomery, John Montgomery and Nicholas Kell, boys in their teens, were digging a tunnel at St. Joseph, Mo., on Thursday, the earth caved in, burying them alive. Michael Garrish alone showed symptoms of life when the bodies were recovered, but he died as he was being taken out of the pit.

—An aged man applied at an express office in Chicago to be sent in a box to Boston. He had made a box with slats on the sides, and found that, with himself and food, it would weigh 200 pounds, on which the rate to Boston and back would be ten dollars, and when told that his plan for cheaply visiting his family was impracticable, he wept and pleaded piteously.

—Mrs. Pryor, a Pennsylvania woman, having found a man she liked better than her husband, that estimable person declined to make a fuss about it. He paid her $25, supposed to be her interest in the partnership accounts, for which she gave him a receipt in the same document renouncing all further interest in him or his affairs. They then separated peacefully.

—John Brizzolari, an Italian, made a desperate assault on his wife, Julia, Friday evening, at their home on Harrison street, Baltimore. He crushed her skull with a hatchet and then inflicted eighteen wounds on her body with a knife. While his wife lay on the floor Brizzolari shot himself in the abdomen with a pistol. Both were conveyed to the hospital where their wounds were pronounced mortal.

—The Catholic Union, composed of societies of the Archdiocese of New York, adopted resolutions on Sunday calling upon the New York Legislature to pass, and the Governor to sign a bill now pending, which provides for the freedom of worship in State institutions. The bill is similar to the one vetoed by Governor Cornell last year. One object of the Union is to procure the appointment of Catholic chaplains in the army.

—At Tampa a young Englishman, C. D. Owens, attacked a young lady and stabbed her nearly to death. He was captured and placed in jail, but within an hour he was taken out by a mob and hanged to a shade tree in the court house yard, where the United States court was in session at the time. The mayor and sheriff protested and Lieutenant Danes, of the United States artillery, ordered out the garrison to rescue the prisoner, but before the troops arrived Owens was a dead man. He was the exact image of Guiteau.

—A fire in the engine house of the New Castle and Old City Railroad Company, at New Castle, Pa., on Saturday morning, resulted in the destruction of the building, together with three locomotives and several freight cars, entailing a loss of $30,000. Rumors were afloat that the fire was the work of incendiaries, but it is believed to have resulted from a locomotive spark. The watchman, an old man, and his son, named Donnelly, who were sleeping in the building when the fire occurred, are supposed to have perished.

—The New York *Sun* having rapped Mr. Conkling over the knuckles for his impropriety in addressing Mr. Arthur as "His Excellency, the President," the *World* deemed the form of address so reprehensible that it approved the *Sun's* comment and recalled to it the fact that so accomplished a journalist, for example, as Mr. Dana, having occasion to apply for the office of Collector of the Port of New York to President Johnson, in January, 1866, addressed him exactly as Mr. Conkling on the 3d of March last addressed President Arthur.

—Tuscon Langdon and a man in his employ named Harrison, were arrested at Langdon's residence on the charge of killing A. H. Crooks and S. J. Jory by a posse of citizens, and turned over to a deputy sheriff at Dallas, Oregon. After reaching the hotel a party of masked men overpowered the guard and shot Langdon dead. Harrison was hanged to the trestle work of the bridge. None of the perpetrators have been identified. Nothing has been ascertained to implicate Har

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - MARCH 24, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Buy Barker's Horse and Cattle Powder.

—They have a Rich ragman in Johnstown. His other name is George.

—In the sick PANINA is the greatest blessing. At James' drug store, Ebensburg.

—Lent is supposed to be the equinoctial. How long will it last—oh, Lord, how long!

—For sore back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. At James' drug store.

—Shiloh's Whooping Cough and Bronchitis Cure is rapidly relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—The financial statements of Gallitzin and Carroll townships will appear next week; too late for present issue.

—Now is the time to buy wall paper at Barker's. They have just received a large and elegant assortment.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—Rev. Thompson, late of the Bingham Street M. E. church, Philadelphia, has returned home, and is residing where he will scoot to next.

—Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Mrs. Morrow, daughter of Mr. David Thompson, deceased, late of the West ward, is dangerously ill at her home on Sample street.

—Mr. James F. Campbell's new paper, the *Johnstown Democrat*, has already "gone where the woodbine twineth." Alas! poor thing!

—The almanac makers tell us that Spring will come on Tuesday last, but the kind of weather we are having don't bear out the statement.

—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the only cathartics of constipation, Inclosed in vials, always fresh. By all druggists.

—Seventy-five dollars will buy a small but very sweet toned piano. For further information call on or address the editor of this paper.

—Excitement is raging at Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county. It is playing havoc with children, nine cases out of every ten fatal.

—Philip Cline, a respectable farmer of Summerhill township, Indiana county, committed suicide on Thursday by shooting himself through the body.

—Barker & Bro. have received a few more of those tin buckets which are said to be cheaper in the world. If you want one you have a chance.

—The walking prize of "mine host" John Linton, of the Logan House, Hollidaysburg, is visible to his many friends in this city on Wednesday last.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. At James' drug store.

—Barker & Bro. are selling large quantities of Ferona, Hop Bitters, August Flower, &c., for the all-sufficient reason that there is not much cheaper than anyone else. Not a "Reader" be kind enough to send them to us. We accept his reproof in the spirit meant, but would like to be heard in self-defence. Will be afford us the opportunity?

—Wm. Wall, Esq., our respected townsman and official neighbor, has removed his entire stock of goods to the property recently purchased and remodeled by him on Main street.

—Mr. Barker, having taken up his abode on Julian street, and next week he will remove his office to the same place. Then we will see.

—The Republican Committee of Indiana county have instructed their delegates to the State Convention to vote for Beaver for Governor and Brown for Judge of the Supreme Court.

—Subscribe for J. H. Edwards, Levy Gasser, E. Hemperler, Emanuel Helman, James Mary Kritzer and Maggie A. Stuart their respective owners at the Ebensburg postoffice.

—We have only space this week to invite attention to the Ebensburg Normal Institute card of Dr. Richards, surgeon dentist. Next week we shall have something to say about 'em.

—Tom McNamara left his home in this place for Philadelphia on Monday last. He would return inside three months, when there would be a lasting excitement on the tapis.

—Shiloh's Cure is the best cure for diseases of the kidneys, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, lame back, leucorrhœa, and female weakness. Sold by Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pad. Can be convinced.

—Our assistant friend Jas. M. Thompson, Wanamaker & Brown, Philadelphia, has just received a full line of samples, fashion plates from Oak Hall, the most renowned clothing house in the world. So dress up and dress up.

—Our Pennsylvania friends have contracted for the introduction of gas into their new building at a cost of about $200. The work is being done by the same firm that has the contract of lighting the new court house. Business, a woman who formerly resided in this borough, and was well known here, died at the County Home, near Hollidaysburg, last week, and was interred in the graveyard attached to said institution.

—The wide world there's no valley so fair as that in whose bosom the bright waters flow, and in all this fair county you can find no place where you will sell goods at lower prices than Cham. Roberts, as his advertisement in this issue of Gensler in paper hangings. Mr. Roberts returned from the east with a full assortment of all the latest patterns and novelties in the line. Call and see.

—Our old friend and patron F. P. Con[illegible] the grocery or grocerie princes of Johnstown, has just bought from Mr. Wm. C. Ruppel's fine farm in Blair township, for which he paid the snug sum of $8,000.

—Mr. Wilmer of Henry McKeever, deceased, well-known citizen of Munster township, died at her residence in Summerhill township last, aged about 65 years. She was the mother of six children, all girls. May her soul rest in peace.

—Now you can find at the "Sugar Bowl" hams, breakfast bacon, dried beef, pickled pigs' feet, lima beans, marrowfat peas, dried peaches, hominy, evaporated apples, new lettuce, celery, etc.

—Mr. C. Flick, of Allegheny township, informs the readers of the FREEMAN, through a notice in another column, against being unjustly put himself or his account a certain sled brake of which he claims to be the inventor and patentee.

—Co. A, Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., are just now wrestling with the project of building a new armory of huge dimensions, which is also to be used as a public hall. The matter has assumed such a shape as to leave little if any doubt about the success of the enterprise, but as yet no conclusion has been reached as to its location, though what is known as the David Jones property on Julian street, nearly opposite the old Town Hall building, bids fair for the preference.

—Our old friend John J. Murphy, Catholic bookseller, Pittsburgh, has sold his property on Grant street, that city, and in order to avoid the expense of moving his stock is positively closing out everything in his store at half price. Now is the time to buy.

—Thousands of ladies have found sudden relief from all their woes by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great remedy for diseases peculiar to females. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—"Many Democrats" present the name of Mr. Andrew J. Christy, of Loretto, in a card printed elsewhere, for a prominent place on the Democratic ticket—that of Assemblyman. Andy has many warm friends in the county, and will no doubt make a gallant fight for the nomination.

—Henry G. Rodgers, Esq., a lawyer at one time of considerable note, who died in the Lancaster county almshouse a few days ago, is not unknown to the residents of this place, having visited our town on more than one occasion during his aimless wanderings for a number of years past.

—We forgot to note the fact re this that a postoffice has been re-established at Plattville, this county, and that our friend and patron, John C. Willman, Esq., has been appointed postmaster. The name, however, has been curtailed by dropping the last syllable, leaving it simply Platt P. O.

—Our energetic County Superintendent, Mr. L. Strayer, paid a brief visit a couple of weeks ago to Cherrytree, Indiana county, and the conclusion reached by the *Record* is that Cambria has evidently been fortunate in securing a good man for office. Right, Mr. *Record*—that is the exact size of it.

—Our typo friend, Col. Theodore Burchfield, foreman of the Altoona *Tribune* Job department, has an itching for another swig at the public teat as a member of the State Legislature from Blair county, and we know of nothing except his blasted politics and rotation in office which should stand in his way.

—We feel perfectly safe in saying that there are no more reliable garden seeds in the world than those put up by Hiram Sibley & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., and of which W. S. Barker & Bro. have just received a fresh supply. Every seed sold by said firm is warranted to grow, or the money will be refunded.

—The County Commissioners have awarded the contract for carpeting the new Court House to V. S. Barker & Bro., who have a large line of samples from which to select. If you are in need of a carpet, now is the time to get a good one at a low price, as Barker & Bro. will not be undersold by anybody in the State.

—Our esteemed friends, Col. B. McDermitt and wife, of Altoona, the death of whose daughter Josephine we noted two weeks ago, have both been afflicted with the same terrible disease, small-pox, but we are glad to learn that they have entirely recovered, and that the quarantine has been raised from their residence.

—Ed. Jones, son of our worthy townsman, Wm. A. Jones, has secured a clerical position with the Liggett Spring and Axle Co., Allegheny City, and as he is one of the most upright and downright young men that Ebensburg has ever produced, we cannot but congratulate said firm upon the prize they have drawn. Success to Ed.

—Mr. D. A. Luther, of Carrolltown, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, on Monday of last week purchased from Mr. John Wagner, agent for Bishop Tuigg, one hundred and thirty acres of timber land in White township, at what is called the Beaver Dams. This piece of land is heavily covered with pine, ash, hemlock, and maple.

—A gentleman named Miller, formerly connected with the Osceola *Recelle*, has accepted the position of local editor of the Huntingdon *Globe*, from which our young friend Harry A. Jacobs has just stepped down and out. As the new editor is said to be an adept at the business, the *Globe* typos may as well get their ascension robes ready. Miller-writes, you know.

—It is your business to buy wherever you choose, but if you want to invest in a good pair of shoes, or boots unsurpassed for the price, it will pay you to go to John Owens' store, where a big stock of the best, you may know, has just been received and are offered for sale to all sexes and ages, whom to please they can't fail.

—Mr. E. A. Pennington, merchant tailor, Indiana, Pa., will be at the Mountain House, this place, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, when he will be glad to give everybody of the masculine persuasion a fine fit at a fair figure. Full suits to order at $15 and upward. Spring styles—good goods—staunch stitching—sure satisfaction. Patronize Pennington.

—McDonald, Loretto, sells 12 lbs. good brown sugar for $1.00; 10 lbs. white sugar, $1.00; 7 lbs. fair green or roasted coffee, $1.00; 6 lbs. good green or roasted coffee, $1.00; 2 boxes coffee essence 5 cts.; 2 papers soda, 5 cts.; 3 lbs. rice, 25 cts.; 4 lbs. barley, 25 cts.; 5 lbs. good soap, 25 cts.; 3 balls lye, 25 cts.; common molasses, 50 cts. gallon; good syrup, 65 cts. gallon; good flour, $7.50 per barrel.

—Gibson, in his history of the Decline of the Roman Empire, says: "The civilization of a nation is gauged by the fit of the clothing they wear." See the fourth book, page 40. James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, furnishes ready made clothing at prices to suit the multitude. Call on him, or write and tell him what you want, not forgetting of course to enclose the one thing needful.

—Mr. James Gleason, Sr., who will be remembered by many of our older readers as a much respected resident of Summitville, this county, in the days of the Old Portage Railroad, died at the residence of his son, Andrew J., in Houtzdale, Clearfield county, on Tuesday of last week, in the 82d year of his age. Mr. Gleason was an honest, upright man and a consistent member of the Catholic Church. May his soul rest in peace.

—The Hollidaysburg *Register* retorts to our squib about the church attendance in that place by declaring that said paper was represented at the Presbyterian, St. Mary's and St. Michael's Catholic, and Baptist churches on the occasion referred to. That may all be true, and yet we doubt very much whether the establishment was entirely exhausted. In other words, we think there was one *Gwr* the number who attended church at the time stated.

—We congratulate our friend Peter Moran, of Allegheny township, on the acquisition of one hundred and eleven broad acres of good land in the purchase, on Tuesday last, of what is known as the James Neason farm, in the above named township, for which he paid in cash the sum of $2,205. The farm is one of the most desirable in the county, and has an excellent bank barn, a good dwelling house, and all needful outbuildings thereon erected.

—Mr. John Whitehead returned to Tyrone from North Carolina a few days ago, bringing with him a gold brick and a large piece of gold quartz, both of which are the products of a mine just purchased by him in that State. As Mr. Whitehead already owns six coal mines which net him about six hundred dollars per day, as well as two furnaces running profitably, his chances for becoming a "bloated bondholder" may be considered exceedingly promising.

—Co. A, Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., are just now wrestling with the project of building a new armory of huge dimensions, which is also to be used as a public hall. The matter has assumed such a shape as to leave little if any doubt about the success of the enterprise, but as yet no conclusion has been reached as to its location, though what is known as the David Jones property on Julian street, nearly opposite the old Town Hall building, bids fair for the preference.

—Thanks to our friends of St. John's Literary Institute, Johnstown, for an elegantly printed invitation and card of admission to their third annual ball, which is to come off at Academy Hall on Monday evening, April 10th. Of course they will have to dispense with our company, but all the same we wish them a pleasant time and a plethoric purse.

—The Commissioners of Huntingdon county, after a thorough inspection of the new court house at Hollidaysburg and in this place, and a careful examination of all the plans laid before them by the different architects for the remodeling of the court house in that county, have adopted the plan submitted by Mr. Beebe, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will let the contract immediately after the April Court. Mr. Beebe was the architect of the new court house now almost completed in this place.

—A valuable cow owned by our worthy townsman, Mr. Bart. McCabe, engineer on the Branch railroad, gave birth to a fine calf on Tuesday, and on the following morning was found dead in the stable. As the chain attached to her neck was drawn to its utmost tension, the presumption is that she was choked to death, but whether it was a case of suicide, prompted by calf love, or the result of accident, will never be known. The cow was an excellent milker, and at her best was good for eight pounds of butter every week.

—Two boys named Pius Braddock and Robert Zimmerman were shockingly burned on Wednesday morning of last week, by an explosion of molten spelter or zinc in the galvanizing department of the Gautier wire mill, Johnstown, in which they were employed. Braddock was burned about the back and legs, while the flesh on one side of Zimmerman's head and face was burned to a crisp. Little hope was entertained for the recovery of either of them, but at latest accounts their condition was much more encouraging.

—In Derry township, Westmoreland county, about two miles west of Blairsville, there lives, says the Greensburg *Democrat*, one of the oldest inhabitants in the State. The name of this person is Mrs. Mary Bradley, who makes her home with her son James. Her exact age is not known, but basing calculations upon her own recollections and those of her relatives, she is at least one hundred and one years old. She was born in the county Tyrone, Ireland, and came to this country forty-two years ago, landing at Duncansville, Blair county, where she resided a few years and then removed to her present abode. Up until within a few months ago her health had been excellent, but she is now very feeble. She has a remarkable memory and previous to her illness could accurately describe events which took place in the long, long ago.

—We learn from the *Tribune* that a young man named Hoselton, who has lived in Johnstown for some time past, attempted to "shake" a young lady named Jennie Bathurst, with whom he had been on intimate terms, and who thought he would marry her, by leaving the town on Saturday evening, but she was at the station and insisted on accompanying him. Finding that she could not be persuaded to remain behind him, and not caring to have a scene, he consented and purchased her a ticket. All went well enough until the train was pulling out of Greensburg, when the cruel lover went to the water tank on pretence of getting a drink of water. Before the train had attained its usual speed he slipped into the water closet and out of the window, leaving his girl all forlorn. She didn't discover her loss until she arrived in Pittsburgh.

—We learn from the Johnstown *Tribune* that the members of the Jackson township oil company recently held a meeting and decided that the work of boring the well should be resumed and prosecuted, if not until "oil or China" should be reached, at least until the precise character of the territory was determined. Arrangements were made for the commencement of the work some time toward the close of the present week. The work of drilling, etc., will be in charge of Messrs. Scott & Brother, of Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland county, who are familiar with the business, and will be pushed with energy as long as the company has reasonable confidence in the undertaking. That oil exists under the property owned by the company is a matter which, we believe, is not seriously questioned, but in what quantity is the great and important problem to be solved. The company deserve credit for the renewed effort they are about to make, and we trust that success will eventually crown their endeavors.

WHEN you have an inflamed eye, a swelled hand, or decayed and aching tooth, you do not take and fill your stomach with drugs to cure it, but apply a cooling lotion of some soothing narcotic directly to the parts. So if you have a weak or lame back, sore kidneys, profuse or scanty urine, or the secretory system is clogged and inactive you should use Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, which is a directly local application, which always gives speedy relief and always cures the disease. Ask your druggist for it.

On last Monday afternoon, Mrs. Mary Eswerthy, of Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, endeavored to commit suicide by shooting herself. She took a No. 1 revolver out of her brother-in-law's coat pocket, went to her room, opened her dress, and, pointing the weapon at her heart, fired. The bullet entered her breast, but, striking a rib, glanced downward and outward. Her husband, brother and others found her lying on the bed. A physician probed for the ball, but was unable to find it.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did me no help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully,

JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

HAVING failed to "make the ilfle" as Mayor of Altoona on a workingman's platform of his own construction, John Rodgers, who wasn't burned at the stake, but who was born and reared in this place, now puts himself forward in the public prints as a duly commissioned agent for the organization of what are known as the Knights of Labor, which, it is proper to say, are in no way related to the Days of Rest.

MOTHER DIED OF SALT RHEUM.—J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuticura Remedies are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe Cuticura would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the Cuticura Remedies.

IRON CITY COLLEGE.—This institution affords rare facilities to young men desirous of obtaining a thorough practical business education. There is none better. Circulars giving full particulars can be had by addressing the Principal, Prof. J. C. Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 28, 1875.

Sirs—I have been in taking Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

CHEAP ACCORDIONS SOLD AT COST.—By sending $1.75 to R. Kieber & Bro., 122 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa., you will receive an elegant new Accordion, worth $3.50. R. Kieber & Bro. Send money or postage stamps. [3-17.-2t.]

MR. C. CRAWFORD LONG died in Sinking Valley, Blair county, a week ago last Sunday, and on the same day if not at the same hour one of his sisters departed this life at her home in Indiana county. A very sad coincidence.

ANNOYANCE PREVENTED.

Gray hairs are honorable but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

SOME OF THE SHEAFS THE GRIM REAPER HAS GARNERED OF LATE.

FRANCIS COOPER.

The venerable Francis Cooper died at his residence in St. Augustine, Clearfield township, on Tuesday, March 14, 1882, in the eighty-third year of his age. The deceased when he was quite young came with his parents to this county from Maryland, where he was born, his parents, like so many others from that State, having been attracted to this then wilderness region by the fame and reputation of the Russian Prince Priest, Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, who some years before had settled and built a small log Catholic church where Loretto now stands. His father settled in the vicinity of that pioneer church and died there. The subject of this sketch always followed the occupation of a farmer, and eventually cleared and owned one of the best farms in Allegheny township. Several years ago one of his sons became the owner of the place and still resides on it, the old gentleman removing to Loretto, where he remained a few years and then took up his residence in St. Augustine, where he lived until his death. He was an industrious, hard working man, honest and upright in all his dealings with the world, and faithfully discharged his several duties as a citizen, retaining to the last hour of his life the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He was a man of most positive convictions on all subjects, but especially in his political views, which, in his case, were always Democratic and without change or variation.—His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Augustine on the Thursday succeeding his death. May his soul rest in peace.

REV. HUGH GALLAGHER.

The Pittsburg *Post*, in one of its issues early last week, briefly expressed regret at having learned of the death, in San Francisco, of Rev. Hugh Gallagher, for so many years connected with the diocese of Pittsburg during the life of Bishop O'Connor.—This is the only reference we have seen to Father Gallagher's death, and if it is true, as we assume it to be, it will nowhere be heard with more heartfelt regret than throughout the northern section of this county. Father Gallagher took charge of the Catholic church at Loretto about forty years ago, as we recollect, and went from there to California some time in 1852, or perhaps a little later.—During his connection with the church at Loretto he endeared himself not only to its own immediate members, but to every one who formed his acquaintance, by his devotion to the onerous discharge of his high and sacred duties as a priest, and also by his genial manner in his intercourse with the world. His congregation parted with him on his departure for a wider field of duty with a feeling of deep and genuine sorrow. Father G. attained very high distinction in the Church in California, and no clergyman in San Francisco, the papers for years past of all parties in that city being our authority for the statement, enjoyed in a higher degree the esteem and respect of all classes of her citizens. He was almost seventy years of age, but supposed to have been between seventy and seventy-five years. May his soul rest in peace.

JAMES M. BROPHY,

son of Timothy Brophy, Esq., died in Altoona on last Sunday night, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His disease was consumption. He was born in this place in 1854, where his parents then resided. Shortly afterwards the family moved to Blairsville, where they remained for several years, and then took up their residence in Altoona.—The deceased was an excellent young man and a proficient shorthand writer, and was employed in that capacity at different times by several railroad managers in various parts of the country. Finding himself at last too feeble to attend to his duties, he recently returned to Altoona only in a brief period to pass from earth to another and as we hope a better world. His remains were conveyed by railroad on Wednesday morning from Altoona to Cresson, and taken thence to Loretto, where they were interred in the Catholic cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

SISTER MARY ALOYSIUS M'GUIRE.

For the third time within the brief period of one month it becomes our sorrow ful duty to chronicle the death of a member of the religious order of St. Joseph at the Mother House in this place. The victim in this case is Sister Mary Aloysius McGuire, who died of consumption, after a long and painful illness, on last Sunday night, in the 22d year of her age and the fourth year of her religious life. The deceased was born in Canada, but beyond that fact we know nothing of her history, and can therefore only echo the sentiments of the good Sisters of St. Joseph when they express a hope that everybody who belongs to the same household of faith will in their charity, when they learn of her death, offer up a prayer for the repose of her soul. "Grant her, O Lord, eternal rest."

PATRICK SMITH.

In the death of Mr. Patrick Smith, of Tunnelhill, which occurred on Monday last, that village has lost one of its best known, most prominent and most useful citizens. The deceased was probably about fifty-five years of age, and had been a resident of Tunnelhill for thirty years, most of which time he was engaged in store-keeping, and did quite an extensive business. He was an honest, upright man in his worldly transactions, and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. His place in the community in which he lived, and which is now made void by his death, will be hard to fill. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Tunnelhill on Monday. May his soul rest in peace.

RICHARD MONAGHAN.

The young man Richard Monaghan, son of Mr. Thomas Monaghan, whom we noticed a couple of weeks ago as lying seriously ill of consumption at St. Augustine, died at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, aged, we presume, about 22 years, and was interred in the Catholic cemetery in that place on Tuesday forenoon. May he rest in peace.

CONCORD GRAPE VINES.

Fine, vigorous Vines, Two, Three and Four Years Old, for sale by the dozen or thousand at the lowest prices.

These Vines are raised on the famous Mt. Prospect Vineyards, at Passaic, N. J., where the well-known Port Grape Wine is produced that has so highly esteemed by Physicians. Enquire of ALFRED SEEGER,

[3-10.-2m.] Passaic, N. J.

READ advertisement in this issue of the leading Wholesale Millinery house of Pittsburg, Messrs. Porter & Donaldson. They have recently leased and taken possession of an elegant new building (within three doors of the Seventh Avenue Hotel,) 260, 262 and 264 Liberty street.

They were compelled to make this move in order to secure room for their rapidly growing business. In doing so they have gained not only double the amount of room they formerly had, but one of the most elegant and complete business houses to be found on the city. Doing an exclusively wholesale trade, and that a very large one, buying always for prompt cash, they are able to offer as great inducements to close buyers as any New York house possibly can.

Quite a feature with them is their manufacturing department, where the latest ideas in Paris bonnets are copied at a moderate price for the fine millinery trade, and where large quantities of cheaper goods are trimmed for the merchant trade.

In addition to Millinery, they make a specialty of novelties in Ladies' neck-wear, and Gents' ties, controlling some extra good makes, particularly the "Corded Side" and Dr. Warner's "Coraline."

From the experience that Messrs. Porter & Donaldson have had in catering to the wants of this section, the facilities they have for getting the latest styles and inside prices, the enviable success they have achieved, and the reputation they enjoy for honorable dealing, we cheerfully commend them to our readers who deal in their lines of goods, and say remember their new store 260, 262 and 264 Liberty street.

ABOUT SCHOOL DIRECTORS.—In former years School Directors assumed the duties of their office without taking an oath. The last Legislature, however, changed this and passed an act requiring them to do so. Here is the full text of the act:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that from and after the passage of this act all School Directors, except such as shall have, on account of religious belief, conscientious scruples in regard to taking an oath or affirmation before some person competent to administer such, that they will faithfully perform such duties under the constitution and laws of the commonwealth, and that they will not, directly or indirectly, receive, directly or indirectly, any money or other things of any value whatsoever for the performance or non-performance of any act or duty pertaining to the office of School Director.

SECTION 2. No person hereafter elected School Director, except such as shall sign a declaration that they have conscientious scruples in regard to taking an oath or affirmation, shall be competent to sit at the organization of the Board to which he was elected unless he produce the officer's certificate that he has taken the required oath or affirmation.

SOCIETY BELLES

are loud in their praise of Floreston Cologne on account of its remarkably delicate and lasting fragrance.

JURORS FOR JUNE.

LIST OF THE LUCKY ONES WHO WILL BE THE FIRST JURYMEN TO "WALK INTO THE BOX" AT THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

Following are the names and residences of the Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn on Tuesday last to serve at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on the first Monday of June next:

GRAND JURORS.

Anderson, S. B., gentleman, 3d ward, Johnstown borough.
Criste, Samuel, laborer, Gallitzin borough.
Evans, John, laborer, East Conemaugh borough.
Follmer, Adam, heater, 7th ward, Johnstown boro'.
Flick, Francis, blacksmith, Carrolltown borough.
Hoover, Thomas, teacher, Cambria township.
Horner, Jeremiah L., farmer, Adams township.
Humphreys, David, engineer, East Conemaugh borough.
Kinney, John, engineer, East Conemaugh boro'.
Kuntz, Sr., Adam, carpenter, 8th ward, Johnstown borough.
Kirkpatrick, Jacob, farmer, Elder township.
Little, Daniel C., carpenter, Chest Springs boro'.
Lantzy, John D., farmer, Carroll township.
McConnell, Augustine, laborer, Croyle township.
Myers, Robert, carpenter, Washington township.
Miller, Emanuel, laborer, Upper Yoder township.
Paul, David, farmer, Jackson township.
Rowley, George, heater, 1st ward, Millville boro'.
Ream, William, farmer, Upper Yoder township.
Selders, William, farmer, Blacklick township.
Watt, David D., farmer, Barr township.
Wolf, L. M., clothier, 1st ward, Johnstown boro'.
White, Patrick, miner, 1st ward, Cambria borough.
Wiland, Jacob, farmer, Barr township.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Austead, Philip, farmer, Elder township.
Brown, William, farmer, Washington township.
Barker, F. H., merchant, East ward, Ebensburg borough.
Brandt, William, miller, Clearfield township.
Champnour, George, laborer, 1st ward, Millville borough.
Custer, Ephriam, merchant, Franklin borough.
Craver, Augustine, farmer, Susquehanna twp.
Christy, A. J., druggist, Loretto borough.
Cover, Daniel, carpenter, 3d ward, Johnstown borough.
Cover, Frank, carpenter, 6th ward, Johnstown borough.
Davis, R. L., shoemaker, West ward, Ebensburg borough.
Eckenrode, Silas, laborer, 1st ward, Millvilleboro'.
Eger, Julius, farmer, Washington township.
Evans, Oliver, sawyer, Cambria township.
Fye, John, farmer, Croyle township.
Freithoff, P. S., inn keeper, Richland township.
Fagan, William, painter, West ward, Ebensburg borough.
Gorman, James, farmer, Allegheny township.
Gray, G. W., heater, 2d ward, Millville borough.
Grush, Weigand, farmer, Adams township.
Goldie, Conrad, laborer, Stonycreek township.
George, N. S., farmer, Croyle township.
Gardner, Joseph, farmer, Barr township.
Hogue, John, farmer, Carroll township.
Hoffman, Joseph, inn keeper, 2d ward, Conemaugh borough.
Kirby, P. F., merchant, Wilmore borough.
Kinney, Thomas, farmer, Wilmore borough.
Langbein, Charles, saddler, Carrolltown borough.
Mooney, Matthew, moulder, 4th ward, Johnstown borough.
McCraight, Jas. P., laborer, 1st ward, Johnstown borough.
McDermitt, Col. W., farmer, Dean township.
McCoy, John S., Jr., farmer, Clearfield township.
Neitrour, Ferdinand, farmer, Richland township.
Nevin, John, catcher, 2d ward, Conemaugh boro'.
Noon, Daniel, farmer, Conemaugh township.
Porter, Jas. A., teacher, Susquehanna township.
Paul, Joseph S., clerk Croyle township.
Paul, Samuel P., farmer, Summerhill township.
Rager, John, farmer, Jackson township.
Riblett, John, farmer, Taylor township.
Storm, John E., carpenter, Summitville borough.
St. Clair, Washington, laborer, Lower Yoder twp.
Thomas, Jas. J., farmer, Carroll township.
Thomas Richard E., blacksmith, Blacklick twp.
Vogel, Henry, helper, 1st ward, Conemaugh boro'.
Walters, Jeremiah, farmer, Summerhill township.
Yost, Augustine, farmer, Carroll township.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Plough, Fabius, farmer, Richland township.
Payne, James, foreman, Washington township.
Boyle, Patrick, Jr., laborer, Prospect borough.
Blum, Henry, brewer, Carrolltown borough.
Boyer, Leonard, water tender, Cooperdale boro'.
Blair, Alexander, dispatcher, East Conemaugh borough.
Benford, Albert A., carpenter, 7th ward, Johnstown borough.
Christy, William, lumberman, Gallitzin township.
Custer, Samuel, laborer, 1st ward, Millville boro'.
Donaldson, Henry, laborer, Tunnelhill borough.
Donahoe, Thomas, laborer, Clearfield township.
Davis, David (west), farmer, Cambria township.
Dimond, J. H., farmer, Summerhill township.
Dickenrode, Jos. A., laborer, Allegheny township.
Foster, John, miner, 1st ward, Johnstown borough.
Farren, Daniel, farmer, Munster township.
Fox, Henry, laborer, 2d ward, Millville borough.
Gill, Samuel, merchant, Chest township.
Gardner, Jonathan P., laborer, Upper Yoder twp.
Goudy, Morganza, conductor, East Conemaugh borough.
Gore, Thomas, gentleman, 3d ward, Johnstown borough.
Hooker, John, puddler, 2d ward, Cambria boro'.
Hitchen, Abraham, carpenter, West ward, Ebensburg.
Hamilton, Patrick, puddler, 1st ward, Cambria borough.
Hubner, Nicholas, blacksmith, 4th ward, Johnstown.
Jacoby, Levy, laborer, Stonycreek township.
Jacoby, Jacob, carpenter, Stonycreek township.
Kirkpatrick, Jas. T., farmer, Carroll township.
Kohler, Yadoe, farmer, Conemaugh township.
Leipert, George, clerk, 2d ward, Conemaugh boro'.
Krise, William G., carpenter, Dean township.
Litzinger, Michael, miner, Washington township.
Luther, Thomas, laborer, Summitville borough.
Lohr, John, farmer, Jackson township.
Laughery, Chas. H., clerk, Cooperdale borough.
McGough, D. A., teacher, Croyle township.
Makin, William, farmer, Cambria township.
McCance, Michael, shoemaker, 1st ward, Conemaugh borough.
Osborne, Stewart, laborer, Upper Yoder township.
Ruth, Chas. S., merchant, 3d ward, Johnstown borough.
Slick, Joseph, shoemaker, 7th ward, Johnstown borough.
Shaffer, David, farmer, Summerhill township.
Smith, William, Jr., laborer, 2d ward, Conemaugh borough.
Stutzman, Tobias, farmer, Adams township.
Weakland, Anselm, farmer, Elder township.
Wissinger, Levy, carpenter, Stonycreek township.
Westrick, Andrew, farmer, Elder township.
Yinger, James, saddler, Carrolltown borough.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTAGE, March 20, 1882.

DEAR FREEMAN.—Our village is still here. Business is booming, and our merchants are driving a brisk trade, while the coal traffic is quite lively.—Powers, Martin & Co. are pushing their railroad extension as rapidly as the weather will permit, and it is expected that the Messrs. Flinn will begin the sinking of a shaft near the upper end of town in a short time. Other coal interests in this neighborhood are talked of, but these things take time, you know. The *short* crop of snow, and the long crop of rain and mud during the winter has been very prejudicial to the interests of our lumbermen. The Messrs. Martin, whose steam mill is located in town, have had but little timber hauled, and Mr. A. T. Orris, whose mill is at the "west end," is also short, as are likewise the mills in the surrounding neighborhood. But, notwithstanding the elements have been rather against us, so indomitably progressive is the spirit of our people that the march of improvement is still rapid. A number of new dwellings and business houses have been built during the winter, and there are several more under contract. Mr. Prindle has just broken the ground for the erection of a large dwelling house. Mr. Alfred Emigh is putting up a dwelling house, into which he will remove his family in a few days. Mr. Peter Seymour has also the material on the ground with which to build a neat dwelling for himself and—well we will Sey-mour about it after Easter.

Really our people are progressive in a business way while in the matter of virtue and morality we challenge all the world and the rest of mankind, including the Equinaux. Why, my dear sir, would you believe it? We have advanced (morally) one hundred per cent. in the past two years.—*This* we have supported by sworn affidavit. Je-ru-sha-lem! just think of it! *Fifty* per cent. per annum! and all this squarely attributable to the fact that there has been no licensed hotel at Portage. Come to Portage, ye unfortunate inhabitants of *all* God-forsaken towns and villages which our "thick old courts" have cursed with hotels for the "accommodation of the public, and to entertain strangers and travelers." Come to Portage! Come to Portage! We are the chosen people of our *Masters!* Come to Portage, and to glory! Oh, ye wicked people! but ye have known in this city of ours the things that were for your good, etc., ye also would have had a remonstrance sent you from the city of "brotherly love," and, Wats-on a surer basis, you would have had affidavits showing the increase in morality, and you *might*, in the absence of the Dean, become *Masters* of the situation. May ye yet see the light!

James, son of William A. Skelly, died of consumption on Thursday last, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Saturday. He was aged about 19 years.

Mrs. Ream, wife of Mr. Charles Ream, died also of consumption, on Saturday last, aged about 22 years. The Caninis were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore to-day. SMITHERS.

GALLITZIN, March 18, 1882.

DEAR FREEMAN.—In order not to depart from the annual custom of informing you of the manner in which St. Patrick's day is observed here, I again address you.

On Sunday last, our beloved pastor, Rev. Father Boyle, announced that on the anniversary of the Apostle of Ireland Mass would be celebrated at 9 o'clock, A. M., and a panegyric delivered by a neighboring orator. Before the hour announced, St. Patrick's L. and B. Society, also the Temperance Society in full regalia marched in procession from their hall to church, the brass band in the meantime playing appropriate airs.—The panegyric was delivered by Rev. Father Gallagher, of Johnstown, in an eloquent and masterly manner that did credit to the speaker. In fact, having read an address delivered on a similar occasion by Rev. T. N. Burke, I fancied I was listening to him. The speaker held the attention of the large congregation for an hour and a half, and in conclusion advised all to thank God for the faith which by His holy grace is theirs to possess, and to live virtuously and in the practice of good works, which alone could bring them to heaven.—At the conclusion all dispersed to their homes and usual occupations.

Friend Mike Fitzharris, of the Gallitzin hotel, is doing a square business, and he is not only as "fat and saucy" as ever, but is always ready to take a hand in politics when opportunity offers.

Mr. Patrick Smith, merchant, and one of the most respected citizens of Tunnelhill borough is lying dangerously ill with little or no hope of recovery. F. J. P.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning, the signal, perhaps, of the near approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption? Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. This will explain why *more than a million bottles* were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Weak Back, Side, or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. [4-7.'81.-1y.]

OPIUM & MORPHINE **EATING** A Treatise on their Cure sent FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, P. O. Box 1856, Chicago, Ill.

LARGEST STORE

**JOHN WAN

CHEAP!

CHEAPEST!!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

and a full line of

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

MOWING MACHINES, HORSE HAY RAKES,

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of **Harvesting Tools.** Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,

Carriage Oil Cloth.

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

R. L. Johnston. M. J. Buck.
F. A. Shoemaker. A. W. Buck

JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK, BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold, and a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Accounts Solicited.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

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STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.

PROTECTION MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY

OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $136,000.

Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.

Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.

NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.

GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

WILLIAM A. GITTINGS,

—DEALER IN—

PIANOS and ORGANS!

OF THE VERY BEST MAKES.

High Street, - - Ebensburg, Pa.

Repairing and tuning of instruments promptly and satisfactorily attended to, and instructions in vocal and instrumental music given at reasonable rates. Pianos and Organs sold to reliable parties on monthly or other payments when desired. Call and see. [1-20,'82.-tf.]

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency.

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.-1y*

ATTENTION, EVERY BODY!

J. G. LLOYD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

COAL, COKE AND LIME.

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ LAND LIME A SPECIALTY. [1-13.-tf.]

WM. H. SECHLER, *Johnstown, Pa.* M. D. KITTELL, *Ebensburg, Pa.*

SECHLER & KITTELL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-4,'81.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All business of legal nature attended to as directed by clients, and collections a specialty. [Nov14.-tf.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

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Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

SHEET METALS,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

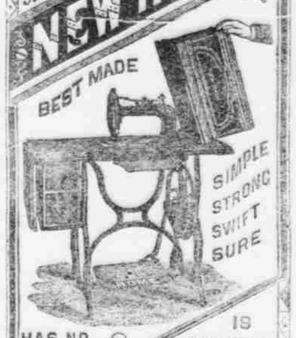
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Wsington St

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL SEWING MACHINES is the LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME

BEST MADE



SIMPLE STRONG SWIFT SURE

HAS NO EQUAL — IS ALWAYS IN ORDER AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME & SURPASSES OTHERS

Johnson Clark & Co.

30 UNION SQ. NEW YORK

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ORANGE MASS.

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ORGANS

Beatty's BEETHOVEN Organ contains 19 full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, 27 Stops, Walnut or Ebonized Case, 5 Octaves, Musical Box Frame, Carpital Pedtwes, Steel Springs, Lamp Stands, Locked Fall Board, Handles and Rollers for moving. Height 6 feet 3 inches. Weight boxed for shipping, 600 lbs. Grand Stop Action, a will give as much music as 14 COMMON ORGANS. No other Organ made in the world contains all its interesting ENORMOUS SUCCESS. Sales over 10,000 month. Recommended by 300 Editors. Factory running night and day, lighted by 300 Edison's Electric Lights. NIGHT Editors.

☞ Price, Boxed, Delivered on board Cars here, Cool, Cash, &c., only **$90**

If after one year's use you are not satisfied return Organ, will promptly refund money with interest.

COME AND EXAMINE THE INSTRUMENT in person. Five Dollars(5) allowed to pay expenses if you buy, come anyway, you are welcome. Every train with polite attendants meets all trains. Other Organs $30, $40, $50 up. Pianofortes $125 to $500.

☞ *Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free.*

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DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

ASTHMA Can be cured by the use of Dr. H. Hawes' Cannabis Indica Preparations. For Book, Testimonials, etc., Address CHARLES & CO., 825 Race St., Phila., Pa.

This Sliding Saw Machine is warranted to saw off a 2 foot log in 2 minutes, and will do more work in less time by that saw other Saw Machine. We are the first firm who manufactured these machines in America, and at present own the only legal right of the same. Send for our free circular.

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LADIES of the WHITE HOUSE

The ONLY BOOK of the kind ever pub'd

NEW EDITION. A HISTORY of every Administration from Washington to the present time, with over 40 Steel Portraits of the Ladies of the White House, with view of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. Agents wanted—send for Lee Circulars, with full particulars, to BRADLEY & CO., Publishers, 66 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GUENTHER'S LUNG HEALER,

IMPROVE THE HOUR. FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of Chest, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

Price, 50 cents and $1.00. Ask your Druggist for it.

TRADE MARK.

GUENTHER & CO. Pittsburgh.

March 10, 1882.-6m.

ALABASTINE

FOR FINISHING WALLS AND CEILINGS,

Is the most durable and economical material known. It is a valuable discovery, and is rapidly superseding Kalsomine and other wall finish. Manufactured in a variety of beautiful tints, and can be applied by any one. If not for sale in your neighborhood, send to SEELEY BROS., 19 Federal St., Boston, Mass., for sample card and testimonials. [5-10.-4t.]

TWO LESSONS OF LAST YEAR.

A rainy spring will usually be followed by a dry summer, and *vice versa*. This is a natural inference, for in the same locality the annual rainfall and the annual temperature vary but a trifle, as is shown by the records. Seasons do repeat themselves in character, though seldom two in succession, hence observation and memory may enable us to draw useful lessons, and the outcome of a crop season may in a degree be anticipated, as well as the wants and needs of cultivation. The season of 1881 was wet in spring our whole country over. The West was visited with floods and hurricanes such as had seldom been witnessed before. In the East the season was wet and growing; crops had a fine start and hay a good set, and which was not materially shortened by the drought of summer. The early maturing crops were usually good, having ripened before the severity of the summer drouth came upon them; but the corn, fruit and vegetable crops were reduced in the aggregate 50 per cent. below an ordinary average. And just here is to be learned a lesson of profit. That is, that deeply plowed lands, kept under constant or frequent cultivation, produced full crops of corn, beans or potatoes, while these crops on shallow plowed and but little stirred soils were almost a failure.

One farmer told me he planted five acres to potatoes, on good soil, and would not harvest in all enough for his own family use. I harvested on my farm about two hundred bushels per acre, and of fine quality. The land was a clover lea, dressed with about twenty loads of unfermented yard manure, turned under some eight or nine inches deep, in rows three feet each way, was mostly whole, of medium size, some large tubers were cut, and half a potato planted in a hill; the cultivation was thorough, and twice hand-hoed. Paris green was applied once, soon after the slugs of the beetle came out, which destroyed them. The planting was done the first week in May, and the crop harvested the latter part of September. Yield, two hundred bushels per acre. Corn land, prepared in similar manner, by deep plowing and deep cultivation, the weeds and thistles all cleaned out by August, so nothing could rob the crop of moisture while the drouth prevailed, gave a yield of fully 100 bushels of ears to the acre, with a full abundant growth of stalks.

In the dryest seasons good crops may be grown by deep and frequent stirring of the soil. It is a lesson that a farmer should learn, that when weeds do not grow for reason of drouth, his crops need more cultivation than when wet, and weeds grow freely. Another lesson learned from the last season of drouth is: That wheat may be sown in a dry soil with safety to the seed, if sown shallow, so that no moisture will cause it to malt without sufficient to germinate it. At the usual seed time the drouth was so severe that but few farmers ventured to put in the seed, but those who did, and drilled the seed shallow, had as fine seeding after rain fell as those who waited until after rain had moistened the soil. Seeding was generally deferred two or three weeks after the usual time, till showers moistened the surface; but there is now no difference observable between that sown before and that sown after the rainfall. There was a notable difference in the effects of drouth on wheat seeding, between the seeding of 1880 and 1881. There seems to have been no damage to the seeding in the latter year, for the plants never showed a more healthy and uniform growth.

But in 1880 much fall-sown seed did not germinate, even after rains fell in torrents; yet the drouth was at no time nearly so severe as last year. I have heretofore regarded it as certain, that wheat sown in a soil too dry to germinate it would be a failure unless rain fell very soon after. Frequently I have observed that in some portions of a field, where the soil, being a little coarse, did not retain moisture sufficient to germinate the seed, subsequent rains did not bring up more than a few scattering plants. I once sowed a field of wheat after a corn crop, in a very severe drouth the ground being so dry that when plowed it was much like a bed of dry ashes; and not one-fourth of the seed ever grew. Last fall I commenced sowing on September 14th, anticipating rain soon, but none fell of any account until the twenty-fifth. Twenty-five acres were sown when the work was suspended until rain came. The seed all came out the first and last sowing equally well, and at the same time. The entire absence of moisture in the surface soil preserved the seed from injury, but a little moisture would have destroyed it.—*F. P. Root, in N. Y. Tribune.*

FISHING IN A CORNFIELD.—In Colorado is a ten-acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle, he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches may be caught. The fish have neither scales or eyes, and are perch like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse.]

While harvesting the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming suddenly down can see the growing corn shake all around him. Anyone having sufficient strength to drive a nail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether—*Territorial Enterprise.*

THE OLDEST BELL.—The oldest bell in the country is said to be hanging in the belfry of the Episcopal church in Ellicotville, New York. It was cast in Moscow, Russia, in 1708, and was one of a chime of bells in a cathedral in that city, which was burned in 1811. It came to this country in a lot of old metal shipped as ballast for a vessel sailing to New York without cargo, and was bought by Andrew Meneely, of the Troy Bell Foundry. After being kept until 2831 as a curiosity, Mr. Meneely was induced to sell it to a gentleman of Ellicottville, and it was hung in the belfry of the church, which had just been completed and where it has been in use ever since.

COUGH SYRUP.—Four teaspoonfuls of castor oil, four teaspoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of camphor and one teaspoonful of paregoric. Mix together, and take a teaspoonful at a dose four or five times a day. Mothers try this; a month old baby can take a few drops, six months, a half teaspoonful, and a year old a teaspoonful. When a child has a cold and is threatened with croup begin giving the syrup during the day and on going to bed. If it coughs during the night give more, it will not fail to prevent croup and cure a cold. A grown person can take a larger dose.

FOR lengthening the flow of milk in a heifer, and getting her used to a long period of milking, it is best that the second calf should not be dropped earlier than 15 to 18 months from the first. This will require good feeding all the time to stimulate the milk gland.

TO THE hesitating PERUNA gives courage,

WANTED!

Wanted! Wanted!

500 Bushels Potatoes,
300 Bushels Apples,
200 Lbs. Dried Apples.

The above are some of the articles we are just now in need of, but anything you have to sell bring to us and we will give you

THE HIGHSET MARKET PRICE

EITHER IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS OR CASH.

At the same time we wish to call your attention to the fact that we have a

VERY LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

on hands at present, all of which we are positively offering at

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF

Cold Weather GOODS,

SUCH AS

BLANKETS,

HEAVY FLANNELS,

OVERCOATS,

WATERPROOFS, &c., &c.

you can save money by buying them now, as we are offering

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS

in goods that we have on hand, so that we can dispose of as many as possible before the 1st of April next.

DON'T FORGET OUR

STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

which is the largest and most complete in Ebensburg. To make a long story short, bring us what you have for sale and we will sell you what you want at the right figures.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1882.

The Best Place

TO BUY

CLOTHING!

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE!

ONLY CO-OPERATIVE STORE IN JOHNSTOWN,

No. 3 MORRIS Street,

WILL SELL

ALL KIND OF GOODS

USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST-CLASS GENERAL STORE,

AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

☞ *Residents of Northern Cambria are specially invited to give us a call. Commodious yard and feeding place for horses, free of charge, for use of customers.*

JNO. E. STRAYER, Secretary.

JOHNSTOWN, JAN. 27, 1882.-3m.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street.

Peculiarities of Certain Animals.

An article on the peculiarities of a few of the countless animal species may interest the boys, and men also, for that matter. The theme is inexhaustible. Infinite wisdom in the creation, wherin man has never been enabled, and never will be able, to discover a single error, is as manifest in the brute formation and instincts, as elsewhere. Observe, first, the camel genus, including the dromedary, with their singular adaptation to the traversing of the desert. Note his spreading feet, that shall not sink in the sand, and thereby impede his progress; also, his self-sustaining supply of water, during six or ten days; and, more particularly, the little plat of short, thick hair within his nostrils, through which, by closing his mouth and lips tightly, he can sift sand for respiration in like manner as fish separate air from water, through the gills. His spinal column and paxwax, which support his long neck and head in a horizontal and curved position, upward, are more peculiar than in the horse or ox, or any other of the shorter necked animals. He is very docile, possessess great strength, with astonishing power of endurance. De Quincy, in his narrative of the grand exodus of the Calumus Tartars, states that the camel was the only animal that endured, to the end, the terrible hardships of hunger, thirst, cold and heat which reduced six hundred thousand souls to two hundred thousand.

The moose has a combination of nostrils and mouth which enables him to eat grass and herbs under water, and an especially straight, trim and delicate leg and hoofs, which shall not entangle him in the meshes of herbs and brush wood. He is the animal of the "swamp" as the camel is of the desert. He is said to out trot the fleetest horse, but never canters.

The hog, in his inner formation, resembles man more nearly than any other known animal. He has his combined carnivorous and granivorous stomach, and his contrariness. "As contrary as a hog," is a proverb. He has been taught to read figures and letters and to do other astonishing things. His tusks are horns, not teeth. Fancy a row of teeth, with a horn in their midst. Yet it is a horn, the same as if upon the top of his head, it has the pith of of a horn; and a momen's reflection must convince even the skeptic that a tooth would not answer the intended purpose. It would break and he would be worsted in battle. As he is, the wild boar is said to have gored the king of beasts, the lion, to his vanquishment and death. His greatest peculiarity is that he is not a ruminent, in common with the split-hoofed genus: and because he does not chew his cud, the Jews rejected him as unclean.

The dog species have very many peculiarities. The hound, the conch, the bull, shepherd, drover, setter, the noble Newfoundland and St. Bernard, and others. My little terrier, or ratter, has hair growing in a curve over his eyes, which hides their glare from the cunning rat, yet does not obstruct his vision. This gives him great advantage, like unto pussy cat's sensitive 'smellers' The dog never sweats or perspires, he has to "loll" it out of his mouth. Tho' he runs until he falls, his jacket is not moistened like other animals; and he can plunge into the water at the end of a heated race without injury, or the rheumatic pains to which man and other animals are subjected. Yet, his skin when tanned, is nearly as porus as that of the deer. This fact would seem to require an inner impervious skin, or film, which alike estops perspiration and excludes water. The hound's keenest sagacity cannot scent the female fox, and presmmably, other of the lesser mammals, during their nursing season. While she yields milk her paws have no trace of smell. Their nurslings, in their state of helplessness are mercifully protected. The dog is the emblem of fidelity, as the ancher is of hope.

Pussy can watch her mortal foes without shutting her eyes or winking. I never could discover puss moistening the pupils of her eyes by moving a perceptible film over them, as do some birds, the owl in particular.—*Newsboys' Appeal.*

PUT LIFE INTO YOUR WORK.—A youth's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed.

A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all that is intrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over nice and fastidious about work. Pitch in readily and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high toned" young man who quibbles about what is and what is not his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest Emperor of Russia worked with a shipwright in England to learn the business. That's just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though his business was your own, and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance on your word and act.

Be mindful; have your mind on your business, because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of our lads are thinking about. Take pleasure in work; do not go about it in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

MUSICAL FISH.—That some fish make an approach to vocal performances, emitting tones, was known to Aristotle, who specifies six different kinds. The family of the "Maigres" are famous for the sounds they make on being drawn from the water, and also when remaining in it. These fish are remarkable for the size and complicated structure of their air-bladders, which, however, in many cases, seem to have no external openings; and great cavernous recesses existing in the crania of many, it has been suggested that these abuses may afford the true explanation of the phenomenera. In some of the genera they are more striking than in others; and one of the most remarkable, the "Pogonias," had acquired the popular name of drum fish. The sounds seems to vary in their characters and tones, and are described in very different, not to say important terms, being designated sometimes as dull hummings, and othertimes sharp whistling, and frequently as the fishes' song. It has sometimes been supposed that they are uttered by the male alone, and the fishermen, by imitating them can frequently collect a troop of fishes around them. The boatman, also, by putting their ears to the gunwales of their boats, can often really hear the sounds, though at the depth of twenty fathoms, and thus guided can successfully cast their nets and procure a draught

---

THERE is a little bird found in Australia not much larger that a snow-bunting with a pleasant note, not unlike the sound of a distant sheep bell. About sunset these bell-birds begin their tinking, and for a while the forest echoes with the silvery tones—a sort of *Angelus* or vesper bell of nature in the wild bush, hushing the woods for evening prayer. Besides their musical sweetness, these notes are a sure sign that water is near, and the weary traveler in that thirsty land is glad enough to hear the bell-bird calling to rest and refreshment.—*St. Nicholas.*

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

At James' Drug Store, Ebensb'g. [8-12.-1y.]

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

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THE PITTSBURGH

WEEKLY POST

FOR THE YEAR 1882.

Democratic Organization, Principles and Candidates.

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